



POEMS

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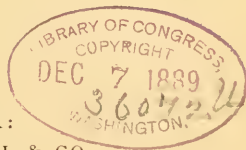
FROM MY

SCRAP BOOK.

BY,

WM. H. CLARK.

33



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DEDICATION.

This little book I dedicate
To all that's good and true;
Yes, gentle reader, small or great,
'Tis dedicate to you.

And when its pages you survey,
E'en with a critic's eye,
Deal kindly with the muse, I pray,
And pass the errors by.

Let charity its failures hide,
That it some good may do;
Assured the muse has fairly tried
To keep this end in view.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

The verses contained in this little book are the accumulations of many years, and no thought of putting them in book form was ever entertained until within a comparatively short period, when, at the suggestion of friends, the conclusion to do so was reached; many of the articles have appeared in the papers from time to time along through the years, and now, in presenting them to the public in a more convenient form, it is hoped they will find favor, and that the labors of the muse may be judged of leniently.

Trusting these pages may be found to contain some things entertaining and not altogether unprofitable, they are committed to the public, in the hope that while the mantle of charity may be thrown over their defects, they may yet prove to be like "bread cast upon the waters, that may be gathered after many days."

WM. H. CLARK.



POEMS.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

It comes like music to the ear ;
It comes to banish pain and fear ;
It comes to comfort, calm and cheer
The troubled soul.

It comes to bid our sorrows cease ;
It comes to make our joys increase ;
It comes each longing heart to bless
With love divine.

It comes when sickness shakes the frame ;
It comes when Death asserts his claim ;
It comes, and vict'ry's in His name
Who conquers death.

It comes like dew upon the flowers ;
It comes like sweet, refreshing showers ;
It comes with all its heavenly powers
New life t' impart.

It comes when friends are growing cold ;
It comes more precious far than gold ;
It comes, but never can be told
Its matchless worth.

It comes at morn, at noon, at night ;
 It comes with ever new delight ;
 It comes to make the pathway bright
 From earth to heaven.

It comes as comes the rising day ;
 It comes with more than noontide ray ;
 It comes His glories to display,
 Th' Sun of Righteousness.

It comes with men on earth to dwell ;
 It comes the darkness to dispel ;
 He comes who doeth all things well ;
 King Jesus comes.

MUSINGS.

The memories of the buried past
 Come thronging round my feet to-night,
 And thoughts are crowding thick and fast,
 E'en like the moments in their flight
 That nothing heed,
 But onward speed
 Toward that ever boundless sea
 Whose shores are in eternity.

Like troopers marching in review,
 Loved forms before my vision pass ;
 I see again the good and true
 And hail with rapture ; but, alas !

'Tis but a dream ;
 Nay, 'twas a beam
 Of golden light from heav'n sent down
 To cheer me 'mid the tempest's frown.

I seem to wander by the creek,
 Where childhood oft play'd hide and seek ;
 Or stood and watched with careless eye
 Some tiny craft go gliding by ;
 Or bathed my feet
 Where currents meet,
 And thought, with joyous, childlike glee,
 That life a summer day would be.

Alas ! what years have fled away
 Since I was but a romping child,
 And pluck'd the flowers from day to day
 That grew along my pathway wild.
 What shadows vast
 The clouds have cast
 Athwart my path as on I went,
 Each closing day to pitch my tent.

The friends of youth I see no more,
 For they are scattered far and near ;
 And some have reached the other shore ;
 While still a few who linger here,
 The summons wait
 That will translate
 To that unseen, eternal shore
 Of endless joys or judgments sore.

The golden glow of evening sky,
 When summer sun sinks in the west,
 I oft have seen with raptured eye,
 As if it were some region blest,
 Where comes no night,
 Nor aught to blight
 The hopes that come man's path to cheer
 And light his pilgrim journey here.

How fresh in mem'ry seems that morn,
 Eventful hour in manhood's life,
 Era of joys till then unborn,
 When first he calls another, wife ;
 Through all the years
 Of hopes and fears
 To be a fast, unfailing friend
 Till life and all its cares shall end.

Sweet children nestling near my heart,
 Whose smiles were like the sunbeams bright,
 (From whom, alas ! soon called to part,)
 Seem folded in my arms to-night
 In fond embrace ;
 And I can trace
 On infant lips and brow so mild
 The loveliness that marks a child.

The length'ning shadows as they fall
 Give token of the closing day ;
 And night comes on with ebon pall,
 But cheered with many a bright'ning ray,

As shines afar
 Yon beauteous star,
 Precursor of that morning light
 Whose day shall ne'er be lost in night.

IN THE VALLEY.

I live in a valley secluded,
 Where scarcely the sun deigns to shine ;
 All round me are mountains uplifted,
 Whose shadows but seldom decline.

Yet over the tops of the mountains
 There comes an occasional ray ;
 And down from its source in the heavens
 Pours the beautiful light of day.

The range of my vision is bounded
 By barriers I never can pass ;
 Though grand is the flight of my fancy,
 My efforts are futile, alas !

Like a bird I would rise from the valley,
 This valley of loneliness dread ;
 I would stand on the top of the mountains,
 And gaze at the wonders outspread.

I stood and look'd up at the summits,
 Still tow'ring so grandly on high ;
 Yet naught could I see but the ether,
 My vision was bound by the sky.

This world is a valley of sorrows ;
 With shadows forever 'tis dim ;
 Yet the sun shines over its mountains,
 Reflecting the glory of Him.

Over the hills that limit my view
 Are fountains and fields ever green ;
 Where the Rose and the Lily commingle
 Their beauties to gladden the scene.

My spirit is pluming its pinions
 For flight to that happier shore,
 Where mountains are radiant with glory,
 And valleys are light evermore.



AT CAPE MAY.

I stood upon the ocean's shore,
 And list'ning to the breakers' roar,
 I saw of bathers many a score,
 As down they came along the beach,
 While each one seemed to vie with each
 Who first the briny flood should reach.

Most curious was the sight displayed,
 To see in various garb arrayed
 The motley group, as if had stray'd
 From fairy land some spirits gay ;
 Bedecked in robes of red or gray,
 While wand'ring out for holiday.

I saw the sire and matron there,
 With gallant youth and maiden fair,
 Who nothing knew of woe or care ;
 And thought as mid the waves they stood,
 Surrounded by the multitude,
 Their vows of love and truth renewed.

And dancing there in very joy,
 I saw the active romping boy,
 And e'en the little girl so coy ;
 All looked so comical and gay,
 In garb grotesque, one scarce can say
 Which most did harlequin display.

And then I stood in serious mood,
 And still the raging billows view'd,
 Thinking of all the wrecks that strew'd
 The stormy coast in ages past ;
 Of drowning men lash'd to the mast,
 And sinking in the deep at last.

And yet I love to stand and gaze
 Far out o'er ocean's dreamy haze,
 And lose myself as in a maze,
 Thinking of Him at whose command
 The waves roll up upon the strand,
 Nor further dare invade the land.

And looking still at ocean's waves,
 I thought of all its coral caves,
 And of its myriad watery graves ;

And of the time, by trumpet dread,
 When summoned from each rocky bed,
 The sea will yield its millions dead,
 And could but entertain the thought,
 What a wondrous work will God have wrought
 When these are all to judgment brought.



LINES ON RECEIVING A BEAUTIFUL PHOTO-
 GRAPH OF MISS ANNA.

The days, dear Anna, swift have gone,
 Since life with thee was in its dawn,
 When oft I kiss'd thy infant lips,
 Pure as the dew the daisy sips.

Whene'er I toward this picture turn,
 And there thy youthful face discern,
 I see in lines of light portrayed
 Thy gentle character displayed.

Decked in the innocence of youth,
 Arrayed in loveliness and truth,
 May life's fair morn before thee spread,
 And Hope's bright star its lustre shed.

But thou art now a maiden fair,
 With throbbing heart the joys to share
 That earth affords, and prospects bright
 Of coming years of love and light.

May flowers of rare and sweet perfume
 Along thy path in beauty bloom ;
 And heavenly wisdom guide thy feet
 In ways where truth and safety meet.

So shalt thou walk where Sharon's Rose
 Its wondrous fragrance round thee throws ;
 And richer gems thy brow adorn
 Than those by India's Empress worn.

With thanks, dear Anna, I accept
 This precious gift, which shall be kept
 Where daily I can look at thee,
 Whom I have loved from infancy. 1878.



THE GOSPEL TRIUMPHANT.

The time is near, 'tis almost here ;
 The trumpet sounds from far ;
 Its stirring call appeals to all
 To gird them for the war.

On Afric's coast the sable host
 Is marsh'ling for the fray,
 While Ocean smiles through all her isles,
 As the heathen learn to pray.

The Russian, too, shall Christ subdue ;
 Each horde and wand'ring tribe,
 With Tartar clan and Hindoo man,
 Shall praise to God ascribe.

On China's coast a mighty host
 Shall hail the wondrous Name,
 And Japanese, far o'er the seas,
 Shall spread abroad His fame.

Truth shall adorn the Golden Horn,
 Where Bosph'rus rolls his tide,
 The Crescent wane and Jesus reign,
 Where He was crucified.

E'en Papal Rome, foul error's home
 For many ages past,
 And bigot Spain, will yet again
 Receive the truth at last.

From English cliff to Teneriffe,
 Shall all rejoice below,
 And Jesus' blood shall Holland flood,
 And every dyke o'erflow.

In this bright land, where millions stand
 To guard fair Freedom's shore,
 The loud Amen shall swell again
 Above Niagara's roar.

From Northern hills, whose frozen rills,
 Full half the year ice-bound,
 To Southern sea, that's always free,
 Jesus shall King be crown'd.

IN MEMORY OF REV. R. V. LAWRENCE,

PASTOR OF WHARTON STREET M. E. CHURCH. DIED 1872.

Too grand the theme for fancy's flight ;
 Too deep, alas, for mortal ken ;
 Wrapt in the gloom of mystery's night,
 And hidden from the gaze of men.

So strange it seems the good must die,
 While yet in manhood's strength and prime ;
 When years might still be theirs t' apply
 That manhood's strength in work sublime,

For God, and human nature's weal ;
 In deeds of love divinely fair ;
 Impressed with heav'n's approving seal,
 And destined its rewards to share.

Thus Lawrence fell ; while leading on
 The hosts to battle for the right ;
 And with his sword unsheath'd and drawn,
 Was found amid the thickest fight.

The cross-emblazoned banner, high
 Up to a world's admiring gaze,
 He bore aloft, that every eye
 Might thence a Saviour's mercy trace.

He knew the Spirit's sword to wield,
 And how each hellish foe to rout ;
 But never knew to quit the field
 Until was heard the triumph shout

Of victory through the cleansing blood,
 That flows to all the race abroad ;
 His battle-cry, " the crimson flood,"
 His watchword, " Holiness to God."

But scarcely passed the noon of life,
 As falls the conquering chief he fell ;
 And from the conflict's fiercest strife
 His soul went up with God to dwell.

Calmly as close an infant's eyes,
 When on its mother's breast reposed,
 He sleeps until the just shall rise,
 When sublunary scenes are closed.

A mighty man of war to-day
 Has laid his well-worn armor down ;
 And victor from amidst the fray,
 Has gone to wear the conqueror's crown.

ELLA'S WEDDING.

Although at your wedding I may not attend,
 Allow me, dear Ella, my greeting to send ;
 And in language sincere the hope to express,
 That you and your husband kind heaven may bless
 By crowning your lives with fullness of days,
 And all the rich gifts that His goodness displays ;
 That basket and store, may ever abound,
 With treasures of earth, and fruits of the ground ;
 And life like a river flow onward in peace,
 As the family circle shall ever increase.

And now, cousin Ella, God bless you, I say,
 And crown with His favor your wedding to-day ;
 May He who presided in old Galilee,
 Be a guest at the wedding in bright Tennessee.
 So shall Ella be happy in palace or cot,
 As Providence kindly apportions her lot ;
 And the days and the years as onward they roll,
 New sources of pleasure shall yield to the soul,
 Till life, and its cares, and its sorrows shall cease,
 Where naught can be found but blessing and peace.

THE PASTOR'S WELCOME.

With loyal hearts we welcome thee,
 Right glad that thou art come, to be
 A messenger of love ;
 We now to thee the hand extend,
 And hail our pastor as our friend,
 Commissioned from above.

Obedient to His high behest,
 Who bids proclaim from east to west,
 From north to south, His truth,
 Thou comest not in search of fame,
 But just to tell the wondrous name,
 To hoary age and youth.

The multitudes who gather here,
 Things new and old with reas'ning clear,
 Will look for thee to show ;

That saint and sinner each may see,
 The way so plainly made by thee,
 That none astray need go.

God bless and grant thee daily grace,
 To run the whole celestial race,
 And lead thy flock along ;
 Till He who doth His people keep,
 Shall bring the shepherd and the sheep
 To sing the " Angels' Song."

'T WAS JESUS.

'Twas Jesus walked the crowded street,
 And trod the way to Bethany ;
 That went the funeral train to meet,
 Or walked at night upon the sea.

'Twas Jesus spoke, and devils fled ;
 His touch brought eyesight to the blind ;
 And Lazarus heard His voice, though dead,
 And woke, his Master there to find.

'Twas Jesus fed the multitude,
 And taught His foll'wers how to pray ;
 His presence was their spirits' food,
 His absence took their joys away.

'Twas Jesus' voice the tempest heard ;
 The stormy winds His words obey'd ;
 And though the sea with wrath was stirr'd,
 His voice its ragings fierce allay'd.

'Twas Jesus died and rose again,
 And went our mansions to prepare ;
 While angels shout a loud Amen,
 And saints rejoice the bliss to share.

DAY AND NIGHT.

The morning dawneth ; lo ! the Sun
 His race already has begun ;
 And rises high, and higher still,
 His daily mission to fulfill.

His chariot wheels of burning fire,
 As swift the morning clouds retire,
 Roll up the skies with rapid march,
 Till glory gilds the azure arch.

Advancing still with rapid tread,
 The fiery steeds mount overhead,
 And reach the zenith on their way,
 When noontide splendors crown the day.

And lo ! the heavens are all aglow,
 As downward tow'rd the west they go ;
 And gath'ring night comes gently on,
 As came the morning's early dawn.

And when the evening shadows fall,
 Like sable curtains, over all,
 The skies with sparkling gems are set,
 Like jewels in a coronet.

IN MEMORY OF REV. E. J. KENNEY,

LOCAL PREACHER IN WHARTON ST. M. E. CHURCH.

So soon, alas ! another arrow sped ;
 And lo ! another vet'ran stricken down ;
 And loving hearts that have so lately bled,
 Now mourn again because of Kenney gone.

The strong man bows beneath the stroke of death,
 But falls triumphing o'er his latest foe ;
 With holy joy in his expiring breath,
 As Jesus bids him higher up to go.

The church he loved her sad bereavement mourns,
 And tears of sorrow and of anguish flow ;
 But hope's bright ray the dark'ning cloud adorns,
 And sheds o'er all a pure and hallowed glow.

For him to live was Christ ; for Him to die
 Was gain most glorious, and forevermore
 He joins to swell the songs of triumph high,
 And with the ransom'd round the throne adore.

For as the setting sun more glorious seems,
 Than e'en the splendors of the noontide ray,
 So thus a holier radiance sweetly gleams
 Around the dying Christian's closing day.

A heart from every sin made clean and pure,
 He steadfastly proclaimed through Jesus' blood ;
 His was the faith that claimed the promise sure,
 And his the watchword, " Holiness to God."

THE CHILDREN'S GOSPEL.

Let little children come to Me,
 The blessed Saviour said,
 As lovingly He placed His hands
 Upon each childish head.

Forbid them not ; for such as these
 May My disciples be ;
 But guide their young and tender feet
 In paths that lead to Me.

'Twas thus the blessed Saviour spoke,
 With heart so full of love,
 That would the children all embrace,
 And bear with Him above.

And they who come like little ones,
 And bow before His feet,
 Will find in Him a friend indeed,
 In goodness all replete.

BENEATH THE ROCK.

Beneath the shadow of the Rock,
 Secure alike from tempest shock
 And from the burning heat,
 We sweetly rest at noontide hour,
 As safe as if in Eden's bower,
 In calm and sure retreat.

Though in a lone and weary land,
 We'll trust the guidance of His hand
 Who loves His creatures all ;
 And if the way be hard and bare,
 We'll leave it all to Him, whose care
 Regards the sparrow's fall.

And when our fainting spirits sink,
 Then from the smitten rock we'll drink,
 To cheer us by the way,
 Sweet draughts of living waters bright,
 Sparkling and clear beneath the light
 Of heaven's perennial day.

And thus our journey we'll pursue,
 With Jesus as our end in view,
 Our refuge and our rest ;
 Safe hidden from the tempest shock,
 Beneath the everlasting Rock.
 Close sheltered on His breast.

• • •

LOVE AND MERCY.

Ever from the open fountain,
 Streams of love and mercy flow ;
 Sinners then to Zion's mountain,
 At the Saviour's bidding go.
 Go at once to seek salvation,
 Where the precious pearl is found ;
 And from every rank and station,
 Listen to the gospel's sound.

Lo ! in Jesus is redemption,
 Through His blood on Calv'ry spilt ;
 And for us is bought exemption
 From the dire results of guilt.
 Come and taste the great salvation ;
 Come with ever willing heart,
 And the Spirit's attestation
 Peace and comfort will impart.

From the dread of condemnation,
 He is waiting to relieve ;
 All may come with acceptance,
 And His pard'ning love receive.
 And to such the gates eternal,
 Standing open night and day,
 Welcome into joys supernal,
 Joys that never fade away.

UP THERE.

Beyond these scenes of strife,
 A bright and glorious life,
 The conqueror waits ;
 And the pearly gates
 Thrown open wide, disclose
 Fields that invite repose,
 Where the plumed warrior lays down
 His armor ; and receives his crown.

Far up those streets of gold,
 Are found glories untold,
 Unthought of, unseen,
 Save by th' vision keen
 Of dwellers in that clime,
 Whose eyes the sight sublime
 Can bear undimm'd ; they ever trace
 The splendors of that heavenly place.

No care, nor sorrow there ;
 These cannot breathe the air
 Ethereal, pure,
 Which the saints, secure,
 Inhale with vigor rife,
 And with immortal life,
 Fragrant, and redolent with bloom,
 As breath of heaven with sweet perfume.

CONFIDENCE.

He's the Rock of my refuge, my shelter from heat,
 When the Sun's fiercest rays oppressively beat ;
 And when the storm rages to Him will I cry,
 And retreat to the Rock that is higher than I.

Here safety I'll find till the storm is o'erpast,
 My guide will protect me while danger shall last ;
 And when I've to pass the dark of the tomb,
 His love will sustain me and lighten the gloom.

Then when the loud trumpet shall sound the alarm,
 Not fearing or doubting, and dreading no harm,
 I'll rise to the judgment at the sound of His voice,
 And forever in heaven with Jesus rejoice.

There the songs of the ransomed in chorus shall rise
 To Him who hath brought us from earth to the skies ;
 Hallelujahs forever and ever we'll raise,
 For eternity's only too short for His praise.

DO IT.

If thou canst wipe from sorrow's cheek the tear,
 Or drive from anxious breast its boding fear,
 Do it ; for thou shalt reap thy full reward,
 For so the promise stands of Christ the Lord.

If thou can'st cause a ray of cheerful light
 To shine athwart earth's dark and gloomy night,
 Do it, do it ; and on thy soul secure
 His blessing who regards the humble poor.

If, when the storm-king looks with threat'ning down,
 Thou can'st dispel his gath'ring angry frown,
 Do it, pray do ; and on thy brow serene
 Shall signs of heav'nly joy and peace be seen.

When groans thy brother 'neath his load of care,
 Thou can'st for him a goodly portion bear,
 Do it at once ; 'twill make thy burden light
 To bear for others ; thus will God requite.

If thou can'st make the heart to dance for joy
 Of lonely widow and her orphan boy,
 Do it, do it ; 'twill bring thy soul relief
 When thou art called to drink the cup of grief.

If when he's passing through the vale of death,
 Thou can'st but cheer thy neighbor's parting breath,
 Do it, do it ; for love of Him who died,
 That through His death, thou might'st be glorified.

If thou can'st cause a beam of light divine
 Into the sinner's sorrowing heart to shine,
 Do it ; so shalt thou with thy latest breath,
 Rejoice that thou hast saved a soul from death.

If thou in honor of her name and laws
 Art called to battle for thy country's cause,
 Do it bravely ; and in the fearful fight
 Give life, if need be, to maintain the right.

If slander foul has soiled thy friend's good name,
 And thou can'st fairly vindicate his fame,
 Do it, do it ; and thus remove the spot
 Which else thine own escutcheon fair might blot.

And if thy erring brother should confess,
 And ask thee to forgive and bless,
 Do it frankly ; so shall thy Father up in heaven,
 Be ready to pronounce thy sins forgiven.

If thou should see the poor man try and fail,
 And thou can'st help him up from penury's vale,
 Do it, do it ; and thy redundant stores
 Shall prove how richly heaven its blessings pours.

If thou can'st guide the wand'rer's weary feet
 Back to the paths where truth and safety meet,
 Do it gladly ; and if thy footsteps slide,
 Lo, God will be to thee a friend and guide.

INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance, thou baleful curse,
 Whose every step's from bad to worse ;
 The tens of thousands thou hast slain
 All testify thy woeful reign.
 The widow's and the orphan's cry,
 The strong man bowing down to die,
 The pauper, beggar and the thief,
 The greedy lawyer and his brief,
 The sheriff, constable and judge,
 The sentence, prison, and the drudge
 Of close confinement in its walls,
 Where cheerful sunshine seldom falls ;
 These all result from ardent drinks
 Indulged by such a one as thinks
 Himself a man, and man enough
 To quit the use of the vile stuff
 Whene'er he wills ; but has not found
 With what a chain strong habit's bound
 Him fast, and fast, and faster still,
 Till now, alas, he has no will
 Or power to break the potent spell
 That drives him to the gates of hell.
 Not then for mercy may he cry ;
 Mercy's too late ; he's doomed to die,

And thus becomes the ready prey
 Of devils, who drag his soul away,
 'Mid seething flames to be accurst,
 No water near to quench his thirst ;
 And he whom Jesus died to save
 Descends into a drunkard's grave,
 And him fond parents loved so well
 Has found, alas, a drunkard's hell.

THE BIBLE.

Thou Book of Books, thy sacred pages fair
 Excel earth's fairest page as heaven's bright beams
 Transcend the glimmering rays of taper
 Burning low at midnight hour, or finite
 Is by infinite excelled.
 Truths of eternal import here revealed
 Disclose to man that greatest of all truths ;
 That God in flesh himself did manifest ;
 Of our nature took, and died for man.

Thou art the Morning Star whose rising beams,
 E'en in prophetic times, began to gild
 The moral heavens, and promise gave to earth
 Of brighter days to come, wherein should shine
 The Sun of Righteousness in unveiled glory
 O'er a dark and sinful world.

Thou art the Sun whose beams, with light and warmth
 Refulgent, shall cause to grow the precious fruits
 Of holiness in hearts by grace prepared

To bear the precious seed ; before thy rays
 The mists of error shall disperse, and night
 Give place to glorious day.

God's blessed lamp ; hung out to shed its light
 All o'er this moral waste and 'lume with rays
 Divine the path of life, and even pierce
 The dark confines of death, gilding the lone
 And darksome tomb with holy radiance,
 While life and immortality to life
 Are brought.

A mine of wealth, upon whose surface fair
 Gems of celestial beauty lie, than gold
 More precious far ; who prize the heav'nly gifts
 May here true riches find ; but to explore
 Thy depths profound, and bring from thence to light
 Thy pearls of greatest price, celestial skill
 May challenge ; even angels who desire
 Into these things to look, have tried in vain
 To comprehend the counsels of His grace.

'Thou word of God, the Spirit's sword two-edged,
 That pierces to the joints and marrow those
 Who would resist its keenly-tempered blade,
 Till all thy foes are put to rout, dismayed
 At the unequal contest.
 Who wields with skill divine is sure the field
 To win, and, crowned with glory, shall return
 To Zion's hill with songs of victory
 Ascribed to Him who conquers Death and Hell.

Thou art the Anchor ; links of celestial love
 Make up a chain of golden promises ;
 By these secured, the storms of life shall break
 Harmless at our feet, howe'er the billows roll ;
 Our little bark, though tempest-tossed and driven,
 Shall safely navigate the boisterous deep,
 And find the port at last.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I stood on summit grand,
 And, looking far on every hand,
 Creative wonders saw ;
 When bursting from chaotic gloom,
 God bade the light in beauty bloom,
 The darkness hence withdraw.

And gazing round from heights sublime,
 When first began the march of time,
 The roll of coming years,
 I saw the sun begin to shine,
 And moon and stars with rays divine
 The day and night to cheer.

I saw when first hung out in space
 The new-born world began its race,
 And heard its matin song
 As on it sped with speed of thought,
 While rolling spheres with music fraught
 The realms of ether throng.

I saw the mighty ocean's roll
 From torrid zone to either pole,
 And heard the breakers roar
 When first the waves dashed up in vain,
 As, striving to submerge the main,
 They died along the shore.

When the morning stars together sang,
 And joyous shouts of triumph rang,
 Well pleased, I heard the sound
 Reëcho through the realms of space,
 As world on world assumed its place
 With pristine beauty crown'd.

I saw the mountains upward rise
 In tow'ring grandeur to the skies,
 And valleys spread below ;
 The broad savannah stretching wide
 Where noble rivers onward glide
 With ever-ceaseless flow.

I saw when from the dust of earth
 God caused the man to spring to birth,
 And breathe the breath of life ;
 And then, while sleeping, from his side
 Drew forth a rib and formed his bride,
 And made them man and wife.

As time rolled on, I saw, alas,
 The long procession onward pass
 From infancy to age.
 So vast the numbers none can tell
 Of those who dwelt and those who dwell
 Upon earth's transient stage.

THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST.

- No human eye hath seen, nor hath the ear
E'er heard, nor hath it into heart of man
E'er entered, to conceive the wondrous things
That Love Divine hath kept in store, reserved
For them whose faith and patience th' promise
Shall inherit.

When human thought, to utmost
Tension strained, would strive with finite mind
And grov'ling, to comprehend the glory
To mortals unrevealed, it fails, and must
Forever fail ; because the less the greater
Never can explore, nor understand
In all its fullness the height and depth
And length and breadth of love that glowed
Supreme, unselfish, in the heart divine
Of Him who reigned, gloriously enthroned
Above, before the heavens were formed or earth
(His handiwork) was made ; who owned the gold ;
The silver owned ; the cattle owned upon
A thousand hills ; who, Lord of all, above,
Below, servant of all became ; most poor
Became, that we might heavenly treasure find.
And in the tomb, in fierce encounter,
Vanquished Death, that we might ever live
With Him, as trophies of His victory gained—
The purchase of His blood.
“The Riches Unsearchable of Christ,” appear
Most wondrously displayed as faith beholds
Before the throne the sinner's Advocate,
Pleading the cause of man condemned to die ;

To fell despair a prey, had not the voice
 Of intercession reached the Father's ears
 From "His Beloved Son," whose gaping wounds,
 All gory still and fresh (as when the spear
 In hands of cruel soldier pierced His side),
 The heart of infinite compassion moved
 To mercy.

Thus man was saved, and peace,
 Heavenly peace, that passeth understanding,
 Given to cheer him on his toilsome way,
 And prospects bright with glory to his view
 Open wide and fair, eternal.

'Tis not in earth's deep mines,
 Where jewels rare and glitt'ring wealth abound,
 Nor in the marts of trade, on glory's field
 Of strife and blood, nor in the gay saloon,
 Where pleasure's votaries seek for transient joys,
 That Christ's riches unsearchable are found,

But in the vale of love,
 Where meek humility is found bending
 Before the throne in prayer, while faith sublime,
 With list'ning ear, catches the answering sound
 From "Voicings Still and Small," and humbly
 trusts,

While resting in the Divine Redeemer,
 T' share in th' Unsearchable Riches of Christ.

A SCENE AT SEA.

Far out on Ocean's dreary waste,
 Where winds like furies howl,
 The Spirit of the Storm came down
 With fierce and angry scowl ;
 While lightnings flash and thunders roll
 Above the deep sea path,
 As if ten thousand demons came
 To visit earth in wrath.

A gallant ship toss'd to and fro,
 Like feathers in a gale,
 With trembling masts and creaking shrouds
 And torn and tattered sail ;
 While thrice a hundred souls or more,
 On board the fragile bark,
 Are drifting toward a rocky coast,
 With midnight terrors dark.

The black and angry heavens bend down
 To meet the foaming waves,
 While Ocean roars as if in pain,
 Through all his coral caves ;
 And fiercer yet the storm king raves,
 And louder howls the blast,
 And darker yet the murky clouds
 Go swiftly hurrying past.

But sounds are heard of wild alarm,
 Above the tempest's wail,
 That causes every pulse to thrill,
 And every heart to quail ;

For down below, the raging fire,
 Long smould'ring out of sight,
 Now bursts its bonds with fearful glare
 Upon the gloom of night.

The wreathing flames and smoke ascend
 Through all the burning decks,
 And storm without and fire within
 The hearts of men perplex ;
 And cries for mercy and for life
 Ring out upon the air,
 As every heart is upward turned
 In anguish and despair.

And still the fiery waves roll on,
 And higher rise and high'r,
 As up the masts and through the shrouds
 The seething flames aspire.
 One shriek of terror, long and loud,
 Above the tempest's roar,
 And downward plunged the burning ship,
 The waters closing o'er.

THE JUDGMENT.

There is a Judge at whose command
 The dead and living all shall stand
 Before His bar arrayed ;
 The good and evil then shall hear,
 With holy joy or trembling fear,
 The lot of each ordained.

Angelic spirits pure and bright,
 Among the first-born sons of light,
 Shall grace the wondrous scene :
 And to assembled worlds sublime
 Proclaim the closing up of time,
 With all that e'er has been.

From every land the dead shall rise,
 And he who 'neath the ocean lies,
 Down in its deepest cave,
 Shall hear the awful trumpet sound,
 And, waking from his sleep profound,
 Shall leave his watery grave.

The soldier who, with courage grand,
 Before the cannon's mouth could stand,
 Shall then with trembling quail ;
 And he who stole the widow's mite,
 Or robb'd the orphan of his right,
 Shall join the general wail.

And he who dealt in fairest speech,
 Contrived his neighbor to o'erreach,
 And gains unjust to win;
 Who lured him with a syren song,
 And gently wooed him to the wrong,
 " And took the stranger in ; "

Then he shall be compelled to know,
 As victims of his cunning low
 Will witness 'gainst him bear,
 Whene'er the Judge, with awful look,
 Shall search the dreadful record book
 To see what's written there.

Before the Judge, on either hand,
 The goats and sheep in order stand
 To hear their final doom ;
 One, welcomed to the realms of light ;
 Th' other, doomed to endless night
 And everlasting gloom.

What floods of joy inspire the breast
 Of him who enters into rest,
 Forever with the Lord ;
 What horrors dread the souls await,
 Who realize their lost estate,
 And reap their sins' reward.

The murd'rer, liar, and the thief,
 Shall each receive his sentence brief :
 " Depart, ye wretched crew ;"
 And, doomed at once to endless woe,
 The foul adulterer shall go
 To reap the justice due.

But he who walked with God below,
 Whene'er the dreadful trump shall blow,
 Triumphant shall arise,
 And shout to hear the " Welcome home ;
 Ye blessed of my Father, come "
 To mansions in the skies.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, KILLED APRIL 16TH, 1865.

Father Abr'am's gone ; his voice no more
 Shall summon millions to the war
 In Freedom's cause to fight.
 The assassin's hand has dealt the blow
 And laid the faithful patriot low,
 A martyr to the right.

Father Abr'am's gone ; the nation weeps,
 For lo ! its faithful guardian sleeps
 The last sad sleep of Death ;
 Oh, who at such a time can fail
 To join the universal wail,
 That holds the nation's breath.

Father Abr'am's gone ; the Prairied West,
 New England's vales, each mountain's breast,
 Old Ocean's deepening roar,
 Responded to his voice so deep and calm,
 " We're coming, Father Abraham,
 Three hundred thousand more."

Father Abr'am's gone ; the great and good ;
 He's fallen, in the cause for which he stood
 So well before the world ;
 And children's children yet shall hail,
 And honor him who did not fail
 Oppression down to hurl.

* Familiarly called Father Abraham.

Father Abr'am's gone ; his name shall live,
 And future years fresh homage give
 To him, the tried and true ;
 Who, in the nation's darkest hour,
 Trusted to Abram's God of power
 To bring us safely through.

Father Abr'am's gone ; his work is done,
 The battle's fought, the victory's won,
 A grateful people bow
 Around His' throne, who doeth well
 All things ; O, how unsearchable,
 And past our knowledge now.

Though Providence may never tell
 Us WHY our Father Abr'am fell,
 His word assurance gives ;
 Whatever wicked men may will,
 Our God is over all ; and still
 " THE GREAT REPUBLIC LIVES. "

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE.

Silent and lone, I wait and wait,
 Through dreary hours my sad estate ;
 So slowly pass the moments by ;
 Alas, alas, how sad am I.

Silent and lone, compelled to rise
 As morn unseals my drooping eyes,
 I leave my couch, and all the day,
 'Mid crowds, pursue my lonely way.

Silent and lone, I bow the knee
 To Him whose mercy keepeth me,
 That He would keep my dear from harm,
 And shield with His protecting arm.

Silent and lone, I court repose,
 As night's dark curtains round me close ;
 On lonely couch in dreams explore
 The scenes we loved in days of yore.

Silent and lone, through all the night
 My fancy weaves its visions bright ;
 Builds airy castles soon o'erthrown,
 And leaves me sad because alone.

Silent and lone, yet I am free,
 My own dear wife, to think of thee ;
 So will I then with patience wait,
 Nor murmur o'er my lone estate.

The passing hours will bring the light,
 When I shall see thy presence bright ;
 The dreary night will then be o'er,
 Silent and lone I'll be no more.



THERE IS A NAME.

There is a name that comes to me
 With sweetness all divine ;
 It sounds like heav'nly melody ;
 Jesus, that name is thine.

There is a heart of boundless love,
 Of tenderness supreme ;
 'Tis found in our High Priest above,
 Who wrought redemption's scheme.

There is a music of the skies,
 Whose sounds harmonious swell,
 In worlds unseen by mortal eyes,
 Where blessed spirits dwell.

There is a land most bright and fair,
 That thought has ne'er explored,
 Nor heart conceived the glories there,
 Where Jesus is adored.

There is a blessed hope that cheers
 The pilgrim on his way,
 And lights him through this vale of tears,
 To an eternal day.



TO A YOUNG LADY KNOWN FROM INFANCY.

Dear child, I love to see thy face,
 And in its features mild to trace
 The loveliness that crowns thy youth
 So full of goodness, love and truth.

The memory of the years gone by
 Brings up afresh the flashing eye,
 The rosy cheek, the guileless ways,
 The innocent and childish plays,

That won my heart as little Miss
 Would run to give the welcome kiss ;
 As welcome still, though older now
 Than when I press'd thy infant brow.

What though thou art a maiden grown
 Blooming as blooms the rose full blown,
 Or gay as lark that mounts the sky
 And sings his matin song on high.

Whatever changes time may bring,
 To thee my heart shall fondly cling ;
 And think as oft I think of thee,
 As still the child I used to see.

And it shall be my constant prayer,
 That thy young life, so pure and fair,
 May sacred to His service be,
 Who lived and died to ransom thee.



CHRISTMAS WITH THE CHILDREN.

'Tis Christmas time, and now, once more,
 Good Santa Claus is at our door,
 Which opens wide to let him through ;
 For 'tis as much as he can do
 To enter in with such a pack
 As that he carries on his back ;
 What it contains he will not tell,
 Though, certainly, he knows full well ;

But see, he comes, with smiles, to greet
 The children he may chance to meet,
 And make them glad as glad can be ;
 'Tis just what he delights to see.
 And soon he will his stores dispense,
 So grateful to the children's sense
 Of what a Christmas ought to be.
 In this one thing they all agree :
 That 'twould their youthful spirits cheer,
 If Christmas came three times a year.
 And now the pack is opened out ;
 Oh, what a sight ! the children shout
 With joy to see so rare a sight ;
 Each heart is kindled with delight,
 As out upon the board there rolls
 Such nice things done in paper scrolls,
 With apples, candy, nuts and cakes,
 And all the other things it takes
 To make a right good Christmas feast,
 That every child may have, at least,
 (A lot of good things) once a year,
 When Christmas comes the heart to cheer ;
 With sweet reminder of the day
 When Jesus in the manger lay.
 Now, children all, to Christ, your King,
 Your grateful songs of praises bring ;
 'Tis He who gives you friends so kind,
 Who all unite with heart and mind,
 To you the word of life to teach,
 That Jesus' love your hearts may reach.
 So you may all be good and true
 To Him who loved and died for you ;

And bear in mind each Christmas morn
 How Jesus was in Bethlehem born,
 And how with loving words said He,
 " Let all the children come to Me ;"
 So you'll rejoice each passing year
 In Him who gives you Christmas cheer.

STREW THEM WITH FLOWERS.

DECORATION DAY.

Strew them with flowers ; the unnumbered graves
 Where sleep fair Freedom's patriot braves ;
 Beneath ten thousand grassy mounds,
 Until the final trumpet sounds.

Strew them with flowers ; let woman's hand
 Bedeck the graves all o'er the land,
 Where husbands, sons and brothers lie,
 Who dared for truth to fight and die.

Strew them with flowers ; your tribute bring,
 As memory doth to loved ones cling ;
 Bring flowers, sweet flowers, that long shall bloom
 O'er each hallowed spot with rich perfume.

Strew them with flowers, each lowly bed
 Is sacred ground ; tread lightly, tread ;
 Brave heroes rest beneath the sod,
 Who died for country and for God.

On Lookout Mountain, where the clouds
 Its gray and misty top enshrouds,
 E'en there may still be found the dead
 Who bravely fought, by Hooker led.

And on Virginia's sacred soil,
 Where plied the slave his hopeless toil,
 Our gallant comrades fell, and found
 A grave on Bull Run's bloody ground.

Strew them with flowers where'er they died ;
 If by the Mississippi's tide,
 Amidst Port Huron's murd'rous fray,
 Where sable heroes won the day,

Or where six hundred faithful ones
 Went down beneath Fort Wagner's guns,
 When marching to the fearful strife,
 The gallant Shaw gave up his life.

Perhaps with Sherman toward the sea
 They tramped the tramp of liberty ;
 And there, midst smoke and battle shout,
 The dying patriots' souls went out.

But, oh ! the grave that's marked Unknown,
 Where sleeps the stranger, all alone,
 Forget it not ; he wore the Blue,
 His grave with choicest flowers bestrew.

In Southern lands, and o'er the seas,
 Where'er our flag floats in the breeze,
 How many rest beneath the waves ?
 How many more in stranger graves ?

O'er these the flow'rs we may not strew ;
 Nor yet their graves with tears bedew ;
 In memory shall their names be green,
 While on our flag a star is seen.

TO MISS LIZZIE C— ON HER GRADUATION.

Dear Lizzie : the Muse for thee would fain indite,
 In lines harmonious and of rhythmic sound,
 Some thoughts expressive of profound delight
 Since thou art in the contest victor crown'd.

For thou wast in a nobler strife engaged
 Than they who erst in games Olympic strove,
 Who ran on swiftest foot, or wrestling, waged
 Successful conflict, championship to prove.

The shades of Academus would have seemed,
 Methinks, congenial, rather than the strife
 Of brutal force, where strength is honor deemed,
 And he who wins, wins at the cost of life.

But thou hast clambered up Parnassian heights,
 And gazed from thence on undiscovered fields
 That lie outspread in beauty that invites
 The mind to search the treasure that it yields.

Though on th' fair hill of knowledge we may stand,
 On highest summits known to human ken,
 We still are at the base of summits grand,
 That tower above the aspirations high of men.

And now my niece is Bachelor of Arts ;
 No very great misnomer it would seem,
 Since thou hast wondrous skill to win the hearts
 With cheerful voice, and bright and sunny gleam.

But of all learning, that is best that seeks
 The Lord to know and walk in all His ways ;
 True wisdom such a course alone bespeaks,
 And heart and life proclaim the Maker's praise.



MARRIED.

Dear friend, I wish thee now a flowing cup ;
 A cup of happiness replete,
 With all the good, forever filling up,
 That earth can lavish at thy feet.

New joys, new trials, and new duties now,
 New paths of life thy steps invite ;
 New cares will oft oppress thy throbbing brow,
 Yet love will make thy burdens light.

He will through life thy loved companion be,
 Who claims thee as his gentle bride ;
 And in thy wishes will his pleasure see,
 And look on thee with manly pride.

May flowers of sweet perfume thy pathway strew,
 New springs of joy be daily found,
 And heaven's richest blessings, like the dew,
 Come down and more and more abound.

My dear young friend ; another puts his claim
 For holier ties and richer love ;
 He calls thee now henceforth to bear his name ;
 The bond is ratified above.



WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH FROM EDMON?

Let shouts of joy to God ascend,
 And heaven and earth together blend,
 To raise the songs of triumph high
 To Him who deigned for man to die.

For, lo ! He comes, a conqueror grand,
 From Edom's wild and rugged land ;
 From Bozrah with His garments dyed,
 His raiment stained with crimson tide.

Behold ! in glorious garb arrayed,
 With regal majesty displayed,
 He comes, a prince of royal birth,
 In righteousness to rule the earth.

In Godlike strength He travels on,
 And treads the wine-press all alone ;
 Mighty in power the world to save,
 He comes, and triumphs o'er the grave.

Beneath the awful weight of woe,
 That brought our guilty world so low,
 He meekly bowed, and drained the cup
 That lifts the fainting sinner up.

Let heaven be glad and earth rejoice,
 To hear that sweet and solemn voice
 That bids each heavy-laden soul
 On Him its weight of sorrow roll.

IN MEMORY OF REV. B. J. KOLLOCK.

A mighty man has fall'n to-day,
 Who oft the hosts of Israel led,
 And triumphed midst the fiercest fray,
 But now is numbered with the dead.

With all the harness on he fell,
 Just when the conflict reached its height ;
 His dying lips no more could tell,
 But faintly whispered, " All is right."

How wide the gap his comrades know,
 Who hear no more his battle-cry,
 While rushing on to meet the foe,
 Fearless alike to do or die.

He raised the blood-stained banner high—
 His watch-word victory or death ;
 Betokened in his flashing eye,
 In every deeply earnest breath.

His stalwart form, his good right arm,
 His countenance that beamed with light,
 And over all threw such a charm,
 Are buried now from human sight.

He sleeps, and calmly waits the time
 Till Jesus' voice shall bid him rise
 And wake to glories more sublime,
 And rest eternal in the skies.

MOONLIGHT AT OCEAN GROVE.

I stood upon the ocean beach,
 And out as far as eye could reach,
 Beneath the quiet moonlit sky,
 The waters seemed in peace to lie.

A holy calm reigned o'er the deep,
 As if the winds had gone to sleep;
 And scarce was heard the breakers' roar
 So gently rolling to the shore.

And gazing still upon the waves,
 My thoughts were of the coral caves
 That lie beneath the ocean's bed
 Where rest the ever countless dead.

It was indeed a holy place,
 Such wondrous beauty seem'd to grace
 The ocean, flecked with silvery light
 Reflected from the queen of night.

And yet beneath those moonlit skies
 A holier scene fell on my eyes;
 Where Zion's tents so pure and white
 Were seen beneath that silvery light.

Still standing where the waters flow,
 I heard a murmur soft and low
 Borne on the quiet evening air,
 As if of multitudes in prayer.

And then arose the voice of song,
 Bursting in chorus full and strong,
 In sounds harmonious rising higher,
 Like notes of praise on David's lyre.

And still the moonbeams silent fell,
 As loth to break the sacred spell
 Of nature rapt in robes of light,
 To cheer and grace the throne of night.

Such scenes the mind can ne'er forget,
 Fond memory lingers round them yet ;
 To hearts of love 'tis holy ground
 Where Jesus and His friends are found.

JUBILEE.

Hark ! the notes of jubilee,
 Louder than Niagara's roar,
 Sounding over land and sea,
 Bursting full on every shore.

Rising from Britannia's isles,
 Lo ! the pealing anthems swell ;
 Rolling where Columbia smiles
 Joyously the tale to tell.

Lonely glen and mountain gorge
 Echo forth the glorious word ;
 And where storms their thunders forge,
 Shouts of joy and praise are heard.

Flowing down the Ganges' tide,
 Ringing on Euphrates' shores,
 Else where Indus deep and wide,
 Down into old ocean pours.

Every island of the sea—
 Even China and Japan—
 Sing the song of jubilee :
 " Jesus died for every man."

Up from Greenland's frozen coasts,
 Up from Afric's sunny shore,
 Shouts from all the ransom'd hosts
 Sound above the ocean's roar.

Idols fast are falling down,
 Falling now to rise no more ;
 Jesus comes to claim His crown,
 Let the nations all adore.

THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF PHILADELPHIA.

READ IN WHARTON STREET M. E. CHURCH, OCT. 22D, 1882.

In olden times by the river's side,
Where elm trees spread their branches wide,
And the Indian woo'd his dusky bride,

There came from a far-off shore
A band of men who sought repose
From the wicked hands of cruel foes,
And here a safe retreat they chose,
Where naught might molest them more.

They sought not conquest by the sword,
Their deeds of peace their annals record ;
For they served the one and the only Lord,
Whose will was sufficient law.
They claimed no right, but purchased the land,
And reached to its owners a brother's hand,
In covenant joined forever to stand,
And none might from it withdraw.

They founded a city whose fame should spread,
When its builders all were with the dead,
And strangers its busy streets should tread,
For pleasure or for trade ;
Oh, could some voice but wake again,
From their dusty beds, those peaceful men,
How would they gaze with enraptured ken
At the wondrous progress made.

Now twice a century has past away
Since th' Quaker's lot on these shores was cast,
And the little town has become at last
A wonderful city of homes.

Through many a mile of crowded streets,
 The tradesman his brother tradesman meets
 And friend his friend and neighbor greets,
 And th' newsboy busily roams.

Where ebbs and flows th' Delaware's tide,
 With harbor so ample, so deep and wide,
 That navies might there in safety ride,
 She sits in queenly state.
 Her throne the allegiance of loyal hearts,
 Where virtue and truth enact their parts,
 And freedom extracts the poisonous darts
 From slavery's cruel fate.

Fair Science has here erected her shrine,
 Where searchers for truth on every line
 May their homage pay to what is divine
 In nature or in art.
 Here temples of worship grandly arise,
 Whose tapering spires point up to the skies,
 To the one great Father whose all-seeing eyes
 Reveal His compassionate heart.

Her wonder Park, with its carpet of green,
 Where nature in loveliest forms is seen,
 Is the crown that decks our beautiful Queen
 As she sits by the river side.
 Her charities, too, for the great and small,
 Where the poor are heard for help that call,
 Are a mantle of beauty thrown over all,
 Like the robe of a royal bride.

The Keystone grand of the Federal arch
 Lags not in progression's forward march,
 Nor does the sun of prosperity parch
 Or shrivel her record fair.
 Her great Metropolis her fame extends
 Wherever the sun the sky ascends,
 And the starry flag her name defends
 From all who assault would dare.

Here Freedom's bell rang out its chime
 When patriots grand of the olden time
 Declared to earth this truth sublime,
 That all men should be free.
 The right divine of kings to reign
 Was thrown aside as doctrine vain,
 Unwilling slaves to be.

O God of our fathers continue to pour
 The gifts of Thy bounty in basket and store,
 And may our fair city still prosper the more,
 Because of Thy favors divine ;
 Through ages to come still greater expand,
 And growing in wealth and benevolence grand,
 Bestowing her gifts with a generous hand
 In humanity's cause benign.

And thus as the city of Penn still grows,
 While strong in the right and fearing no foes,
 The principles firm on which she arose
 Shall stand as the heavens above.

Through memories dim of the buried past
 The oncoming years their shadows forecast,
 And long may the great Metropolis last
 The city of brotherly love.



THE SAVIOUR.

The hands that fed the multitude
 With loaves and fishes small,
 Are widely spread and filled with good ;
 His blessings are for all.

The feet that trod life's toilsome road
 On mercy's errands borne,
 Were found within the poor abode,
 Though followed oft by scorn.

The eyes by pity moved to weep,
 Which o'er proud Salem sighed,
 Were closed in death's profoundest sleep,
 When Christ was crucified.

The heart that felt for other's woe,
 With sympathy divine,
 Doth still our every sorrow know,
 And cares for me and mine.

The head that often bow'd in prayer,
 And bow'd upon the cross,
 Doth now a crown of glory wear ;
 All other crowns are dross.

The voice that spake and all was calm,
 Obedient to His will,
 Was Jesus' voice—the Great I Am ;
 'Twas He who said, “ Be still.”

The power that from the gloomy grave
 Bade Lazarus walk abroad,
 Is all sufficient still to save,
 For 'twas the power of God.



THE PULPIT BY THE SEA.

“ And He entered into a ship that was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land ; and He sat down and taught the people out of the ship.”

He taught them from the ship
 (His pulpit by the sea) ;
 He warned them how to flee,
 And shun the swift approaching doom,
 The wrath which surely would consume
 The unrepentant soul.

He taught them from the ship ;
 With such a wondrous spell
 The gracious language fell,
 As lips divine alone could teach,
 And every yearning spirit reach
 With wisdom from above.

He taught them from the ship ;
 Not scientific lore,
 But how they might explore
 The wondrous love of God to man,
 And comprehend salvation's plan,
 That One should die for all.

He taught them from the ship ;
 Not learning from the schools,
 Morality's stern rules,
 Nor how to grasp the bubble fame ;
 But rather how to have each name
 " In Life's fair book set down."

He taught them from the ship
 Truths ne'er to be forgot,
 With heav'nly wisdom fraught ;
 As He declared to all that day
 Himself the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 The mighty One to save.

His chosen from the ship
 He taught when " Peace, be still,"
 He said, and at His will
 The boisterous waves their tumult cease,
 And hushed the stormy winds to peace,
 And lo, a wondrous calm.

And we, across the deep,
 Deep gulf of human life,
 With rocks and quicksands rife,
 Striving our little barks to steer,
 Are glad to catch a word of cheer
 From pulpits by the sea.

THE INQUIRY.

I behold in myself a wanderer here,
'Mid the deserts of earth so lonely and drear ;
Inquiring and searching to find the chief good
Which still like a phantom my grasp doth elude.

But though to my asking none deigned a reply,
Yet still for the prize I determined to try ;
Still seeking and seeking, with earnest request,
The pathway to find to the realms of the blest.

Then quickly I turned toward the heavens above,
If in the bright clouds lay the regions of love ;
And I asked the light vapors flitting over the scene,
To show me the fields that forever are green.

No answer I heard, but as the bright sun
Went down the horizon, his journey when done,
I thought, as I gazed with lingering eye,
That some place of resting I too might descry.

But still 'twas in vain, to my sorrow I found,
For still as I called came no answ'ring sound ;
And I turned to sweet music my grief to assuage,
That the harp and the viol my soul might engage.

But the harmony sweet soon palled on my ear,
And I turned me away, unwilling to hear ;
To find the chief good, all I wanted to know,
Which music's fair daughters could none of them show.

To pleasure's gay votaries my attention I turned,
 And asked if the bliss, for which I had yearned,
 Was found in the wine-cup, the game, or the dance ?
 How vain it was all, I saw at a glance.

Then I questioned the muses, whose favor I've sought,
 If in regions poetic, where fairy-winged thought
 Builds castles of beauty in dreams of the night,
 Might be found the sum total of all that was bright.

No answer came down from Parnassian mount,
 Nor up from the springs of the Helicon fount ;
 For the muses were dumb, unable to tell
 Where the angel of peace might certainly dwell.

Then I asked of the genius whose wonderful skill
 Portrays on the canvas, spread out at his will,
 The beautiful landscape, the ocean, the sky,
 Or the love beaming out of the maiden's dark eye.

But the canvas was mute ; the pencil and brush
 Can never depict the deep feelings that rush
 O'er the spirit that's wounded, or answer impart,
 To lighten the load of a sin-stricken heart.

Of him of the chisel and mallet I sought
 To tell if he knew where true pleasure was bought ;
 But he turned from his work and his mallet threw down,
 And bade me depart, as he gave me a frown.

Then I ask'd the cold marble on which I could trace
 Such wonderful beauty, such dignified grace ;
 But the lips though of stone, with life as inspired,
 Said, I never could find the thing I desired.

Full of doubts, and of fears, I could not control,
 Not a word could I hear to comfort my soul ;
 Neither painter, nor sculptor, nor marble could give
 One word of sweet counsel by which I could live.

Next of the alchemist, in his study alone,
 I ask'd (if he'd found the philosopher's stone),
 He'd the mystery show, how earth's valueless mold
 Transmuted could be to unperishing gold.

As I look'd through his cell, all gloomy and damp,
 I saw by the gleam of his flickering lamp,
 That reason and nature could never unfold,
 What most above all I long'd to be told.

Then fully persuaded earth's pleasures were dross,
 I turned me at length to the Man of the cross ;
 Who received me, while rushing to fall at His feet,
 And welcomed with smilings ineffably sweet.

“ Search the Scriptures,” He said ; “ with truth they are
 rife ;
 They tell of the way that leadeth to life ; ”
 So I sought the blest volume, conn'd its pages all o'er,
 And ceased my inquiry ; I wanted no more.

FOR JESUS.

Brother, go speak for Jesus, do ;
 Think how He's pleading now for you
 In yon bright world above ;
 Can you in silence still remain ?
 Oh, speak for Jesus, nor refrain
 'Till all shall know His love.

Sister, go speak for Jesus, go ;
 Tell the sinner all you know
 Of Jesus' power to save ;
 Tell how He came that bond and free
 And burdened souls to Him that flee
 Might triumph o'er the grave.

Brother, go toil for Jesus, now ;
 Did not the blessed Saviour bow
 Beneath the heavy cross ?
 Nor did He utter one complaint ;
 Oh, do not then, my brother, faint
 While laboring in His cause.

Sister, go work for Jesus, tell
 (But, ah ! thou ne'er can show) how well
 He pleads the sinner's part ;
 But say, " He's ready to forgive,
 He only waits to bid thee live,
 He only asks thy heart."

Brother, go fight for Jesus, haste ;
 No precious time hast thou to waste,
 For life is fleeting fast ;

The battle must be fought and won
 E'er life's fleeting day be done ;
 For night will come at last.

Sister, go weep for Jesus ; tears
 Are precious in His sight who hears
 The earnest, heartfelt groan ;
 He soon will send the wished relief ;
 To faithful prayer and belief
 The answer will come down.

IN MEMORY OF MISS BELLA POYNES.

TEACHER IN WHARTON ST. M. E. SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

With rev'rent gaze approach the silent dust,
 And o'er it scatter flowers of sweet perfume ;
 Touch not with careless hands the sacred trust,
 But bear it gently to the quiet tomb.

So peacefully she sleeps in death's embrace,
 As one fatigued sinks sweetly into rest ;
 Till He, who has himself prepared the place,
 Shall bring that form, renewed, to mansions blest.

The gentle spirit of our sister Belle,
 Pluming its pinions for its homeward flight,
 Has bid this world of sin a long farewell,
 And wing'd its way to everlasting light.

Fond mem'ry in affection's deepest shrine
 Shall cherish long our lovely sister's name,
 And garlands rich in beauty shall entwine
 In recognition of her virtue's claim.

None knew her but to love, the maiden fair,
 Who, living now in yonder sunny clime
 With spirits just, inhales the balmy air,
 And breathes immortal life mid joys sublime.

A MOUNTAIN VIEW.

I stood on the brow of a mountain,
 Where sunbeams eternally glow,
 Close to the crystal-like fountain
 That springs in the valley below.

I gazed from the summit uplifted,
 Far out o'er the desert of space,
 And down through the clouds that were rifted
 I look'd to discover the place

Where once there beamed on my vision
 A glory that dazzled my sight ;
 A brightness far more than Elysian,
 Transcending the sun at its height.

Then first to the ear of my spirit
 A whisper came softly and sweet,
 The ransom'd a crown shall inherit
 When Christ in His kingdom they meet.

Then I saw from my mountain uplifted
 The city that lieth afar ;
 And piercing the skies that were rifted,
 Saw the beautiful gates ajar.

My faith on the wings of the morning
 Then pass'd through the portals of pearl,
 And look'd where, the temple adorning,
 Their banners the conquerors furl.

CHRISTMAS.

Ring out, ring out, this gladsome morn,
 The glorious news to all ;
 That Jesus came the world to save
 From sin and Satan's thrall.

From mountain top to mountain top
 The joyous sound prolong,
 And every vale and every hill
 Reëcho with the song.

The theme the saints of old inspired,
 Which ages long have sung ;
 The theme to which the prophets spoke,
 And David's harp was strung.

Messiah, Saviour, lo, He comes,
 A prince of royal birth ;
 Good will and peace to men he brings ;
 Go tell it o'er the earth.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco ! foul weed ;
 Who can tell what need
 A human being hath to test
 Its virtue, doubtful at best ;
 Who could suppose
 The human nose
 Was made to snuff
 The filthy stuff !
 Or men should e'er the mouth invoke
 To lend its aid to chew and smoke
 This vile tobacco.

Tobacco ! God grant
 The pois'nous plant
 May ne'er pollute the lips of youth
 Not yet defiled ; but let the truth
 O'er wrong prevail ;
 Each effort fail,
 Though often tried,
 To turn aside
 The young, from all that's pure and true,
 To smoke (oh, horrid !) or to chew
 This vile tobacco.

Tobacco ! 'tis sure,
 Nor rich nor poor
 E'er found it to promote their health
 Or quicken their pursuit of wealth ;
 Still, on his throne,
 'Tis too well known,

Tobacco sits
 And steals the wits
 Of those who to its service cling,
 And honor it as if a king ;
 This vile tobacco.

Tobacco's all abroad ;
 E'en in the house of God,
 In parlor, hall, and e'en where death
 Congeals the gasping mortal's breath.
 On every floor
 Enough and more
 Of juice is found ;
 So doth abound
 This great abomination ;
 And men bow down in adoration
 To this vile tobacco.

THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

See where the living waters glide,
 From David's house they sweetly flow ;
 Who washes in the cleansing tide
 Is whiter than the driven snow.

It flows an ever running stream,
 Pure as the fountain of His grace,
 Who died poor sinners to redeem,
 And save our sadly fallen race.

Down through the ages flowing wide,
 Its virtue is to-day the same
 As when from out His pierced side
 The mingled tide of being came.

Whoever will may drink and live ;
 New life the healing draught inspires ;
 From those who nothing have to give
 The royal bounty naught requires.

All over Canaan's goodly land,
 Where saints enjoy such sweet repose,
 'Mid pastures green on every hand,
 King David's Royal Fountain flows.

THE GLORIOUS TIME.

The glorious time is coming, it spreads its way along,
 When truth shall be triumphant and right shall banish
 wrong ;
 When from the dawn of morning till evening's setting
 ray
 The gospel, marching on, shall win its conquering way.

The glorious time is coming when all the stars of night
 That glitter in the heavens will shed their radiant light
 Upon a world uplifted to a higher plane of thought,
 And filled with admiration at the wonders God has
 wrought.

The glorious time is coming when mountain, vale and
 hill
 Will echo back the song that shall the nations thrill ;
 That once entranced the shepherds, when out on Beth-
 lehem's plain,
 " Good-will to men that dwell on earth," was sung in
 glad refrain.

The glorious time is coming, the promised golden age ;
 The era long expected by prophet, priest and sage,
 When man in man shall ever a friend and brother see,
 When chains shall all be broken, and every man be free.

The glorious time is coming, yes, coming, coming soon,
 When all of earth's redeem'd their voices will attune
 To harmonies as sweet as sung by angel throng,
 Of glory, glory, glory in a new and endless song.



LIFE.

As flits the summer cloud across the azure sky,
 And vanishes—so men are born, and live, and die ;
 They fall like leaves before the autumn's freshening gale,
 Or flakes of snow when winter's stormy blasts prevail.

Life's longest journey seems as 'twere a fleeting breath ;
 To-day joyous, to-morrow cold in death ;
 The morning sun looks fair, and bright the golden day,
 Perhaps, alas, e'er noon to fade in night away.

The bud fair promise gave that flower and fruit would
come ;

Vain hope, too oft, alas, of earthly hopes the sum ;
The opening bud, nipt by a keen untimely frost,
Fell to the ground a withered thing, and all was lost.

'Tis thus with life ; earth's brightest hopes are fled and
gone

Ofttimes in early morn, while yet the dew of dawn
Is on the opening petals of the blooming rose,
E'er yet it has begun its sweetness to disclose.

Shall it be said, when dust to dust its own receives,
The tree that's withered now and dead bore naught but
leaves ?

Nay, rather, let it earthward fall beneath the weight
Of golden fruitage ripened for its future state.



THE FOOL'S FAITH.

The fool within his heart hath said,
There is no God ; by chance alone
All being came and slowly spread
O'er all the vast expanse unknown.

All order out of chaos came
Self-wrought ; and out of darkness light
Evolved by mystic force its flame,
And reigned alternate with the night.

The sun, and moon, and every star,
 With all the pond'rous orbs of space,
 Self-poised, as thought extending far,
 Assumed by chance their proper place.

The treasures of the earth, its gold,
 Its silver and its precious ores,
 And all the mines of wealth untold,
 Themselves arranged their glittering stores.

The billows of the mighty deep
 That through the ages long have rolled,
 Their self-appointed bound'ries keep,
 E'en though by tempests fierce controll'd.

The seasons chance to come and go,
 But ne'er forget each one its turn ;
 The winter with its crown of snow,
 Or summer suns that radiant burn.

This merely happens thus to be ;
 No skill or wisdom here abound ;
 Though all the grand results we see
 Are full of mysteries profound.

But man, a greater wonder still,
 Greatest of all that dwell below,
 Endued with soul, and mind, and will,
 Himself and nature's works to know,

He, uncreated, grew from naught ;
 Developed (such the wondrous plan)
 Until by slow degrees outwrought
 An atom came to be a man.

These grand effects without a cause ;
 Surely the fool believes far more
 Than he who finds in nature's laws,
 The laws of Him whom we adore.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZABETH TASKER,

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER-IN-LAW, WHO DIED JUNE 8TH, 1877.

Life's duties nobly done,
 Life's battles grandly won ;
 And on that bright celestial shore,
 Where pain and sickness come no more,
 Her spirit pure,
 With God secure,
 Awaits the day
 When from the clay
 Her mortal form to life restored,
 Shall be " forever with the Lord."

Well nigh for fourscore years,
 Of mingled hopes and fears,
 Of sun-bright joys, or clouded skies,
 With steady step she sought the prize—
 A crown of life ;
 Nor shunn'd the strife,
 But overcame
 Through Jesus' name ;
 Rejoicing, as she neared the tomb,
 In Him who had dispelled its gloom.

With ever generous heart,
 And ready to impart
 With open hand the gifts of God,
 She bowed and humbly kissed the rod
 When trial came ;
 And through the flame
 Unharm'd she pass'd ;
 Because she cast
 On Him who died her every care,
 And left it all with God in prayer.

She lived, she loved, she died ;
 Earth's joys and sorrows tried ;
 A friend in every time of need,
 She proved herself a friend indeed ;
 In wedded life
 A faithful wife ;
 Near threescore years,
 Midst smiles and tears,
 She with her loving husband trod
 The paths of life and worshiped God.

And now in ripened age
 Her weary pilgrimage
 Finds peaceful end ; the evening time
 Is lighted up with faith sublime,
 As by her bed,
 With noiseless tread,
 The angels came
 On wings of flame
 To bear her ransom'd soul away,
 To realms of never-ending day.

No princely gifts we bring,
 But love's pure offering ;
 And tears of purest sorrow pour,
 Because our mother is no more.
 Yet we rejoice,
 That though her voice
 Is hushed below,
 Where sorrows grow,
 'Twill join the chorus of the skies
 Whene'er the dead in Christ shall rise.

WAITING.

My body's here, my spirit's there ;
 Oh, tell me where !
 The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
 In vision rapt I now behold.

The many mansions large and fair
 The saints shall share
 Are full in view ; nor would I stay,
 From my possessions long away.

The tree of Life, the pastures green,
 Are clearly seen,
 And loved ones who long years before,
 Dark Jordan's flood pass'd safely o'er.

Bright spirits beckon me away
 To endless day ;
 I hear the music of the skies
 From twice ten thousand harps arise.

I see a host that none can tell ;
 And, lo, they dwell
 Hard by the palace of the King,
 Whose praise they ever ceaseless sing.

O world of bliss where all is light,
 And where no night
 Its sable curtain ever spreads,
 Nor thief nor robber ever treads.

O glorious scenes of joy supreme ;
 I do not dream ;
 For, lo, the glittering crown I see,
 And Jesus holds it out for me.

E'en now I on the confines stand
 Of that fair land ;
 I go with spirits just to dwell,
 Where loved ones never say farewell.

THE NEW EARTH.

When the fires of the judgment all dross have consumed,
 When the saints have been welcomed and sinners been
 doomed,
 When the heavens together like parchment have rolled,
 And the ages eternal begun to unfold,

Then the earth from its ashes renewed shall arise
 Transcendent in glory scarcely less than the skies ;
 And purged from defilement, from sorrow and pain,
 The world shall rejoice in Immanuel's reign.

And no sea shall be there ; but broad rivers that flow
 From mountains whose summits all uncovered by snow,
 Vast prospects of beauty the beholder afford,
 While nature rejoices in the smile of her Lord.

Then the kingdom of Christ over all shall prevail,
 And no foes shall be there who its peace would assail ;
 Since sin is not found, warring and strife are unknown,
 And righteousness reigneth with truth on her throne.

No thorns and no briars the new soil shall infest,
 For the earth and its products alike shall be blest ;
 Upspringing spontaneous shall its fruitage be found,
 And the years as they pass with abundance be crowned.

And then oft shall be seen what to Jacob was shown,
 When reposing at night on his pillow of stone—
 The angels descending, and returning again,
 In intercourse sweet with the children of men.

Then the earth and the heavens together shall blend,
 And the dwellers in each on each other attend ;
 And the song of all lips, both below and above,
 Shall be “Glory to God” for His wonderful love.

OUR FRIEND.

How high Thou art, and lifted up
 Above the earth, above the heaven ;
 Thy people's joy, Thine Israel's hope,
 All good by Thy rich grace is given.

The Tree of Life, the Living Vine,
 The Rising Sun, the Shelt'ring Rock ;
 Of love supreme, exhaustless Mine,
 A safe Retreat from tempest's shock.

A Branch of David's royal line,
 Bright Morning Star that brings the day ;
 A King, a Shepherd all divine,
 The Light, the Truth, the Living Way.

A Fountain ever full and free ;
 As crystal pure, the flowing tide
 As deep as the unfathomed sea
 And as the boundless ocean wide.

The Great High Priest to intercede ;
 Redeemer, who didst condescend
 As Advocate for man to plead,
 And be his Brother and his Friend.



AUTUMN.

The winds are rustling o'er the plain ;
 The brown October leaves
 Come flutt'ring down, while golden grain
 Is in the farmer's sheaves.

The foliage of the forest trees,
 With rainbow-tinted hues,
 Is waving in the cooling breeze,
 As fall the evening dews.

The startled rabbit here and there
 Hastes to the deeper woods,
 While songs of birds with plumage fair
 Awake the solitudes.

The hick'ry and the chestnut brown
 Their luscious stores afford,
 And all the fruits of Autumn crown
 With their delicious hoard.

The nimble squirrel quickly springs
 To search for food betimes,
 And birds of passage plume their wings
 For more congenial climes.

All cloudless, lo ! the mornings rise,
 And bracing is the air,
 While golden are the evening skies,
 As Eden's twilight fair.

The short'ning days soon bring the night,
 And quick the shadows fall ;
 But He who said, " Let there be light !"
 Still watches over all.

OUR LITTLE GIRL.

We laid her in the ground ;
 But, oh ! the grief profound
 The heart did know,
 When in its quiet bed
 Our precious darling's head
 Was laid so low.

We laid her in the ground,
 And, weeping, stood around
 The lonely tomb ;
 'Twas hard to leave it there,
 The tiny form so fair,
 Amid the gloom.

We laid her in the ground,
 And raised a little mound
 To mark the spot ;
 Then sadly turned away ;
 Though years have fled, that day
 Is ne'er forgot.

We laid her in the ground,
 Assured the trumpet's sound
 Our dead will wake ;
 When, clothed in beauty rare,
 The little form so fair
 Its crown will take.

We laid her in the ground,
 And then with roses crown'd
 The sacred place
 Where sleeps the precious dust,
 Confided to His trust,
 The Lord of grace.

CROSSING.

I stood upon the river's brink,
 And could but think,
 How dark the waters look'd and drear ;
 So troubled was my heart with fear,
 I shrank instinctively away ;
 But heard a voice beside me say,
 " Whate'er it cost,
 The stream so threat'ning must be crossed."

Ah, well, thought I, it must be so ;
 I can but go :
 Perhaps it may not be so deep
 But that on the bottom I can keep
 My feet ; 'tis said there's solid ground,
 And if I try, it may be found
 Both safe and sure,
 And thus a passage I'll secure.

Then, stepping downward toward the tide,
 One at my side
 Whisper'd, " Be not afraid ; 'tis I ;
 No evil shall to thee come nigh ;
 The waters shall not thee o'erflow.
 See there, thou hast my promise, lo !
 Thee the waters o'er
 I will bring to yonder shore."

With that my heart fresh courage took ;
 I e'en could look
 Upon the waves without a thought
 Of fear, such sweet assurance brought

Those whispered words ; I felt no shock,
 And all the way 'twas solid rock
 Beneath my feet,
 And thus my safety was complete.

PUSH.

Whoe'er would win must push,
 And pushing persevere ;
 All obstacles will yield ;
 Push on and never fear.

If hardships lie between
 Thee and the object dear,
 Still hope, and do thou this ;
 Push on and never fear.

If in the morn of life
 There's naught thy path to cheer,
 Above the clouds there's light ;
 Push on and never fear.

Does learning's hill seem steep ?
 Climb to its summit clear ;
 'Twill well repay thy toil ;
 Push on and never fear.

If o'er thy spirit steals
 A feeling new and queer,
 And love asserts its claim,
 Push on and never fear.

And if thou seek'st a wife,
 'Tis done by courage sheer ;
 Faint heart ne'er lady won ;
 Push on and never fear.

So, then, if thou wouldst crowd
 Thy life with blessings here,
 Make first the Lord thy friend ;
 Push on and never fear.

SAFE AT HOME.

IN MEMORY OF OUR MOTHER, WHO DIED AT NEW CASTLE, DEL.,
 DEC. 7TH, 1877.

With solemn tread approach the silent dust,
 And gaze with rev'rent looks upon the dead ;
 Touch not with careless hands the sacred trust,
 But lay it gently in its quiet bed.

Her mortal form rests in the darksome grave,
 While th' spirit's pinions, plumed for grander flight,
 Mounts up, redeemed by Him who came to save,
 And finds the realms of everlasting light.

Affection's holiest tribute here we bring,
 And on the shrine of love our off'rings make ;
 While memories of the dear one fondly cling,
 And all the heart's profoundest feelings wake.

In death's embrace she sweetly rests in sleep,
 Till Gabriel shall the final trumpet sound,
 When, waking from the slumber long and deep,
 Dear Mother with the ransomed shall be found.

Good-bye ; mid scenes of earth we meet no more,
 For thou hast gone 'neath brighter skies to dwell,
 Where all shall know, who reach that blessed shore,
 That 'tis forever with the righteous well.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE PILGRIM'S APPROACH TO THE GATE OF HEAVEN, LED BY THREE
 SHINING ONES. DESCRIBED BY BUNYAN.

The city here stood full in view,
 And here the sounds of welcome, too,
 Fell on their ears from chiming bells,
 Whose heav'nly music sweetly tells
 'They're near the palace of the King,
 Whose praise their souls delight to sing.
 So then with thoughts brimful of joy
 About their company and employ,
 They with their guides press'd forward straight,
 And walked up boldly to the gate ;
 And o'er its portals, writ in gold,
 The pilgrims did these words behold :
 " Blessed they His commands that do,
 That they these gates may enter through,
 And may have right to th' tree of Life,"
 With every healing virtue rife.

The shining ones then bade them call
 At the gate, and tow'rd the wall ;
 Which when they did, behold three men
 Look'd o'er the top ; they knew them then

As Enoch, he who walk'd with God
 And then was not ; and he whose rod,
 Stretched over the Egyptian sea,
 Made Pharaoh's host prepare to flee
 (But, whelm'd amid the angry waves,
 Were buried deep in watery graves) ;
 This man, whose meekness was his crown,
 Look'd with Enoch and Elijah down
 Upon the pilgrims as they stood
 Before the gate through which they would
 Admittance gain ; to them 'twas said,
 " These are two pilgrims long since fled
 From old Destruction's wicked town,
 An earthly city of renown ;
 And for the love they bear our King
 We have consented thus to bring
 Them on their way, and now they wait
 An entrance through the City's gate.
 The pilgrims then gave in, each man,
 A note received when he began
 To journey tow'rd the better land,
 And kept it ready at command.
 These papers then were quickly spread
 Before the King, who, having read,
 Then asked at once, " The men are where ? "
 The answer was, they're standing there
 Without the gate ; and then the King
 Commanded wide the doors to fling,
 That they who keep the truth (said He)
 May enter and My glory see.
 And so they pass'd the gate within,
 Where not a spot or taint of sin

Can find a place ; and then, behold,
 White robes were given that shone like gold,
 And each received a harp and crown,
 A badge of honor and renown.
 And in my dreams, while listening then,
 I heard the bells ring out again,
 And voices heard, both loud and clear,
 Saying, " Ye blessed, enter here,"
 And know the joys with which your Lord
 His faithful servants doth reward.
 The men themselves then gave a shout,
 Their happy voices, too, sang out,
 " Blessing and honor, power and praise,
 To Him be given through endless days,
 Who, on the throne, we now adore,
 And to the Lamb for evermore."

Now, when the gates of pearl and gold
 Did wide their massive doors unfold
 To admit the men, I look'd in, too ;
 No tongue can tell what met my view.
 I saw the Holy City shine,
 Above the sun, with rays divine ;
 And e'en its streets with gold were paved,
 And men were there whom grace had saved,
 With glory crowned ; palms in their hands,
 And harps on which, at His commands,
 To praise withal the wondrous grace
 That brought them to that glorious place.

And there were beings there that fly,
 Who ever to each other cry,

“Holy, holy, is now the Lamb,
 All glory to the great I Am.”
 And then, behold, they closed the door,
 And shut them in for evermore ;
 And oh, I wished that I had been
 Among the number thus shut in.

SURF-MEETING AT OCEAN GROVE.

I stood beside the surging sea,
 And listened to its minstrelsy—
 Its minstrelsy of song ;
 The deep and solemn bass that roars
 Forever on the surf-beat shores,
 As roll the years along.

Up from the ocean's depths profound
 There came a weird, mysterious sound
 From out its caverns deep,
 That seemed to tell of ages past—
 Of millions who have found at last
 Their place of final sleep.

While thoughts would thus each other crowd,
 Like noise of many waters loud
 The pealing anthem rose ;
 While thousands joined the songs of praise,
 Just as the sun's declining rays
 Proclaimed the Sabbath's close.

While every heart with love was stirr'd,
 And Jesus was the wond'rous word
 That rang along the shore,
 The gather'd throngs swell high the strain,
 And louder rose the grand refrain
 Above the ocean's roar.

'Twas God's own house, 'twas heaven's gate,
 While angels seemed above to wait
 To join the symphony
 That roll'd harmonious to the skies,
 Whose golden glow of sunset dyes
 Shone out across the sea.

Fair Ocean Grove, to thee we turn,
 When, press'd with care, the spirits yearn
 To find a place of rest ;
 For God's own name we here can trace,
 Inscribed in characters of grace,
 On sea and land imprest.

TRANSPLANTED.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE MARY ETTA H.

Our dear little Mary, the light of our eyes,
 Has gone from the earth to her home in the skies ;
 On th' scroll of the heavens her name is enrolled,
 With th' lambs that are safe in the Good Shepherd's fold.

For a seraph came down at the close of the day,
 And bore her pure spirit so swiftly away
 That all vainly I strove to follow its flight,
 As upward it sped to the mansions of light.

And then the bright angel, whose mission was done,
 Presented the soul of our dear little one ;
 And Jesus stood forth to receive it on high,
 With grace in His words and with love in His eye.

And still gazing up through the portals of pearl,
 I beheld with delight our own little girl ;
 Like a seraph array'd in garments of white,
 So beauteous she look'd, so pure and so bright.

And in His own bosom, in loving embrace,
 The Shepherd I saw give our darling a place ;
 And I dried up my tears when I saw she was there,
 Contented to leave her in His tender care,

Expecting to meet her again in that day
 When all tears shall be wiped by th' Saviour away,
 And in my fond bosom to clasp her once more,
 When parents meet children on Canaan's bright shore.



NIGHT AND MORNING.

'Tis dark ; the heavens are black above me ;
 I feel as none on earth did love me ;
 I grope to find the way,
 Nor see a single ray
 Of cheering light.

Nought but impenetrable gloom,
 My soul with terror doth consume,
 And constantly alarm ;
 So great the fear of harm
 This dreary night.

'Too dark to see Thee, yet to hear Thee
 Amid the gloom doth comfort, cheer me,
 And make my heart rejoice ;
 As, with the "Still small voice,"
 Thou bid'st me rest.
 What though the darksome night be long,
 And right be triumphed o'er by wrong,
 The day will soon appear
 When truth, made full and clear,
 Shall stand confest.

E'en now the darkness swift is fleeing,
 The clouds are scattering fast ; and seeing
 'Tis Thee, the Lord of all,
 I walk, nor fear to fall
 While Thou art mine.
 The morn is coming ; behold its star,
 The day is ushering from afar ;
 The gloom is deep no more ;
 All sorrow now is o'er
 Since I am Thine.

JULY FOURTH, 1876.

What mean those loud and warlike notes,
 Which, from a thousand brazen throats,
 Sound like the thunder's roll?
 Has war again, with fiery brand,
 Begun to desolate the land,
 And all its powers control?

No! from the cannon's open mouth,
 The booming sounds from North to South,
 By ev'ry patriot heard,
 Give token to the sons of earth,
 That on this day of Freedom's birth
 Each heart with joy is stirr'd.

Behold the gath'ring thousands come,
 From every proud or humble home,
 The happy throngs to swell;
 While shouts of praise to God ascend,
 And in a joyous anthem blend
 With notes from Freedom's bell.

See how our banner in the breeze
 Floats proudly over land and seas;
 Its stars how bright they gleam;
 Long may they still in glory shine,
 And light the world with rays benign,
 And o'er our country beam.

Our Father's God, we humbly pray
 That Thou wilt bless our land to-day;
 And through the coming time

Still keep us as a people, free,
 While more and more we trust in Thee
 With holy faith sublime.

A hundred years are full to-day ;
 The fathers all have pass'd away
 Who spurned the tyrant's yoke ;
 But worthy sons to them remain ;
 And Slavery's hard and galling chain
 From every limb is broke.

Let Freedom's bell ring out the sound,
 And send it all the nations round,
 "Glory to God on high ;"
 And let the shout o'er vale and hill,
 "Of peace on earth, to men good-will,"
 Roll upward to the sky.



NOONDAY MEETING.

'Tis noonday hour, and we repair
 (Though cumbered oft with worldly care)
 To where the friends of Jesus meet,
 And pay their homage at his feet.

Sweet noontide hour, that brings the time
 When soul with soul, in faith sublime,
 Soars upward to the realms above,
 And glory crowns the feast of love.

Here Christians all, of every name,
 Their common kin to Jesus claim ;
 United by a threefold cord,
 To Him, their Saviour and their Lord.

'Tis sweet when prayer and praises blend ;
 And both to God above ascend,
 Like precious incense, rising higher
 As brighter glows the sacred fire.

When strikes each day the hour of noon,
 We'll haste along with hearts in tune ;
 For blessed joy and peace abound .
 Where Jesus and His friends are found.

THE SABBATH.

Th' Sabbath ; God's monumental pile, uprear'd
 By hand divine of Him who all things built,
 In blest commemoration of that hour
 When first the Morning Stars together sang,
 And all the Sons of God, with bliss replete,
 Raised joyous shouts of praise as they beheld
 Creation's finished work, and heard the voice
 Of Him who made, pronounce it good.

Six thousand years well nigh have passed away
 Since first the Sabbath was ordained for rest,
 And hallowed by command Supreme, Divine,
 That through the ages it should sacred be,

And pure, for worship and communion sweet
 With Him who deigns to hold converse with man,
 Though Lord of heaven and earth.

Proud empires have fallen to rise no more ;
 Earth's conquerors unhonored graves long since
 Have found, while royal dust and ashes lie
 All undistinguishable from common clay.
 Old Israel's king, who, in his gorgeous robes,
 Was not arrayed e'en like the humble flower,
 Bedecked with colors from the skies, and him
 Who, in his madness, dared profane vessels
 Most sacred deemed, and deep libations drank
 To idol gods—these, and their kingdoms, too,
 Have perished. But the Sabbath still remains
 (Standing majestic, like the pyramids,
 Above the ruins vast of temples old),
 Unharm'd and fresh, as when at first ordained.

And He, who spake as man before ne'er spake,
 Has sanctified the day as made for man,
 And for his uses set apart ; to rest
 The body, worn and wearied with the strife
 Of daily care, fatigue and pain ;
 To raise above the dull routine of life
 The spirits press'd by contact with the world,
 And visions open up of good to come,
 By the All-Father wisely kept in store
 To lure the soul away from earthly joys,
 And draw it nearer Him who gave it being.

Blest Sabbath ; how sweetly glide the sacred hours
 In holy intercourse 'twixt earth and heaven ;
 As if upon the ladder Jacob saw—
 The thoughts, ascending step by step, aspire
 To gaze, with rev'rent looks, on scenes of bliss
 To human vision unrevealed, but seen
 By eye of faith, piercing beyond the realms
 Of mortal ken, and things invisible
 Beholding.

The glorious dawning of the Sabbath morn,
 Its noontide rest, its grateful evening shade,
 When hymns of praise, to God ascending high,
 Swell up from myriad voices, and the heart,
 Expanding, owns its debt of gratitude ;
 These all are sweet, and faintly shadow forth
 The long, long Sabbath rest, that still remains
 For those whom God hath chosen.

T. T. TASKER'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

MAY 12TH, 1889.

As stands the oak with giant branches spread
 Defiantly amid the tempest's shock,
 Raising, though thunder-scarr'd, its hoary head,
 As if the spirit of the storm 'twould mock,
 So stands the vet'ran of an hundred fields,
 Victor, unscath'd amid the conflict dire ;
 Though years decline, the conquer'ror's sword he wields,
 And wins the crown to which his hopes aspire.



P. WTEKUNSI

PHILA

Thomas T Larker Sen.

The flight of time has roll'd the months around,
 Till ninety years are fully number'd now ;
 And still with vigorous health his days are crown'd,
 While hoary hairs adorn his honor'd brow.

Now pause we all, as if in mid career,
 To celebrate our father's birth to-day,
 While greetings come to him from far and near ;
 For lo ! his ninetieth year has pass'd away.

His heart and life, while in the days of youth,
 Were consecrated all to Him who made ;
 And by the Spirit taught to know the Truth,
 That Spirit's voice he steadfastly obey'd.

And now, not careless of the lapse of time,
 Nor yet distress'd because of anxious fears,
 But grandly strong in conscious faith sublime,
 He stands erect upon the summit of the years,

And looking down upon the days gone by,
 Beholds, with grateful heart, the dangers past ;
 While faith discerns that glorious home on high,
 Reserved for him when triumph comes at last.

In church, or in the busy marts of trade,
 All steadfast for the right he bravely stood,
 Well pleased men's smiles to win or, undismay'd,
 Their frowns to bear in firm, but patient mood.

What changes vast the passing years have wrought !
 What mighty strides have art and science made !
 In ninety years what schemes have come to nought !
 What wisdom, or what folly, been display'd !

No floating palace then our rivers graced ;
 No mammoth steamer plow'd the boist'rous main ;
 No gas the flick'ring candle had displaced,
 Nor o'er the land had rush'd the light'ning train.

The journey now of hours was then of days,
 As, ninety years ago, the lumb'ring coach
 Went slowly jogging o'er the rough highways,
 With none to murmur or its speed reproach.

No telegraphic tidings from afar
 Brought fresh to men, with every morning meal,
 The news of good or ill, of peace or war,
 Or whatsoe'er concerns the general weal.

From ancient Britain's firmly-anchored isle
 Our father came, some seventy years ago,
 To where the western sunset glories smile,
 And glides the Del'ware's ever-ceaseless flow.

Threescore years and ten upon Columbia's strand
 He lived and loved, and ever nobly sought,
 All earnestly with heart, and head, and hand,
 A name and place to win, nor strove for nought.

And here, where Freedom's starry banner fair
 Flung out its ample folds o'er land and sea,
 Resolved with freedom's sons his lot to share,
 And trust in God whate'er that lot may be.

When foul rebellion raised its hydra head,
 And in the dust the nation's standard trail'd,
 He nursed the wounded and bewailed the dead,
 And, glad, returning peace and vict'ry hail'd.

And now the setting sun throws golden beams
 Of holy radiance down life's steep decline,
 And evening clouds are tinged with light that gleams
 Celestial beauty in its rays divine.

What though the coming night draws on apace,
 The Star of Hope shines sweetly through the gloom ;
 And all is bright with more than earthly grace,
 As faith looks tow'rd and far beyond the tomb.

The children's children come with joy to lay
 Their homage at their honor'd grandsire's feet ;
 And joy with him on this auspicious day,
 When full four-score-and-ten are now complete.



THE CENTENNIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

With pinions plumed for flight sublime,
 Fair Freedom look'd from Alpine heights,
 And saw this far-off western clime,
 The setting sun with glory lights.

Well poised on steady wing, she sought
 A home on fair Columbia's shore—
 A land with hope for millions fraught,
 Beyond the dark Atlantic's roar.

Here Liberty asserts her sway,
 With gentle force her right maintains,
 And drives the dark'ning clouds away ;
 'Mid threat'ning storms their wrath restrains.

When dire oppression's iron rod
 Was wielded by a tyrant's hand,
 Our fathers then appealed to God,
 Resolved for freedom firm to stand.

Then sword in hand from year to year,
 They faltered not in darkest night ;
 But forward press'd, unawed by fear,
 Till dawned at length the morning light.

Then peace with victory brought the day,
 Expected day, though long deferred,
 When Freedom's sun, with cheering ray,
 Fond hope in every bosom stirr'd.

Though now the States were free to stand
 Alone or in one nation joined,
 Their union was a rope of sand ;
 For none had power the whole to bind.

Thus, small and frail, the ship of state
 Was toss'd upon a stormy sea ;
 With friends in doubt, and foes elate,
 Uncertain what her fate might be.

But these disjointed States to bind
 In bonds that would at once command
 The firm respect of all mankind,
 With law supreme o'er all the land—

This was the problem given to solve :
 How every State that claimed its right,
 Should round one central power revolve,
 Content to shine in borrowed light.

Let shouts of joy each bosom thrill ;
 Let bells ring out their gladsome chime ;
 Till every vale and every hill
 Responds in joyous tones sublime.

For now united in one bond,
 No other flag beneath the skies
 More proudly floats, o'er seas beyond,
 When evenings set or mornings rise.

Thank God, the clouds have fled away,
 And heaven's pure light illumines the land—
 The harbinger of brighter day,
 That grander triumph shall command.

Let freedom's bird, on lofty wing,
 Now speed its way from shore to shore,
 Till men her joyous pæans sing,
 And tell her vict'ries o'er and o'er.

Long may our land, thê land we love,
 Firm by its "Constitution" stand,
 Upheld by Him who reigns above
 And holds the nations in His hand.



WHICH THINGS THE ANGELS DESIRE TO LOOK INTO.

Stupendous thought ! all human thought beyond,
 Redemption's scheme, so wondrous, so divine,
 No mortal or angelic being e'er conceived ;
 'Twas born of Deity ; nought less than God

Such love could show—Infinite, eternal love,
 That stooped (how greatly stooped, when heav'n
 Came down to earth) to save rebellious man.
 Nothing with God is hard ; else, had it seemed
 Impossible ; t' reason 'tis impossible ;
 But Faith, with eager grasp, receives the truth
 And feels its power, and trusts where reason fails
 To comprehend, and the word of God believes
 Because divinity is stamped upon it ;
 Th' seal of heaven was on th' Incarnate Son
 Impressed when, brooding o'er His human form,
 The Heav'nly Dove descended and remained.
 The Incarnation of the Father's love,
 Whose ministry of mercy comes to man,
 In all the fullness of His power, to save,
 Disdains not to be called our Brother, Friend ;
 Divine, human, He of our nature took,
 And felt its woes, its sorrows felt, its cares,
 And sympathized and shed bitter tears
 Of sweet condolence, or else wept in grief
 O'er the devoted city, whose desolation,
 Then, He saw with rapid strides approaching ;
 The cup of whose iniquity, yet unfilled,
 Only needed t' reject the Son of Man
 To overflow its brim ; and yet how oft,
 Thy children, O Jerusalem, would He
 Have gathered close within His arms of love,
 But thou would'st not. O love surpassing far
 All other love besides ! Angels who stand
 Around the throne, in dignity advanced
 Highest among the glorious sons of light,
 Have tried to sound its more than ocean depths,

Desirous into those things to look, and
 Comprehend what no created being
 Knows or e'er can know. To man 'tis given
 To know that God was manifest in flesh
 And dwelt among us ; of our nature took,
 And died for man. That e'en for sinners vile
 Jesus did taste the bitter pains of death,
 And pass'd the portals of the darksome tomb ;
 But rose triumphant over all His foes,
 Taking away from death his baleful sting ;
 The boasting grave of victory He robbed,
 And life and immortality through Him
 Revealed, are now the heritage of man.

THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out the dying knell
 Of the old year's rapid flight ;
 Ring in with joyous bell
 The New Year's coming light.

Swift as the wheels of time,
 The passing moments fly,
 And in their march sublime,
 The rolling years go by.

The years soon pass away,
 And into centuries flow,
 Nor once their flight delay,
 As ages come and go.

Let thanks to God arise,
 For blessings that abound ;
 And tending tow'rd the skies
 May all our steps be found.

For like the dying year,
 We, too, will soon be gone,
 To wait with loved ones dear
 The Resurrection's dawn.

Then, as the year renewed,
 Up-springing to the skies,
 The ransom'd multitude
 Shall from the grave arise.

Ring, for the year is past ;
 Ring for the year to come ;
 Ring, for the die is cast
 That seals the old year's doom.



HE IS COMING.

He is coming ; 't may be soon ;
 In the morning or at noon
 Or when twilight shadows gray
 Veil in mist the closing day.

He is coming ; in the night,
 When the stars are shining bright,
 When in sleep the eyelids close,
 And the weary seek repose.

He is coming ; at the dawn,
 Ere the darkness is withdrawn,
 Ere the sun, with rays divine,
 On the earth begins to shine.

He is coming for His saints ;
 Blessed he who never faints,
 But awaits his coming Lord,
 To receive his full reward.

He is coming ; yes, 'tis so ;
 Gabriel his trump will blow,
 And the millions in the tomb,
 Rising up, shall quit the gloom.

He is coming ; how His face,
 Tow'rds His chosen, beams with grace,
 While the wicked, trembling, see
 Tokens of the wrath to be.

He is coming ; yes 'tis He ;
 Lo, He comes for me and thee,
 And will soul and body bear
 Where His kingdom we shall share.



THE MARRIAGE OF A BELOVED NIECE.

When winter's icy fetters break,
 And Spring bedecks with green the earth,
 The birds of song return and wake,
 With joy, their notes of love and mirth.

Fit time for human hearts to mate,
 When buds are bursting into bloom,
 And nature, in her robes of state,
 Is redolent with sweet perfume.

So may the flowers of love and truth,
 Dear Lizzie, in thy pathway spring,
 In all the freshness still of youth,
 Though Time be ever on the wing.

Within the homestead halls is hush'd
 The music of thy voice so sweet,
 And paths the morning dew that brush'd,
 No more invite thy youthful feet.

Thou goest to grace another's home,
 Another's wants and wishes share ;
 Not e'en in thought from thence to roam,
 Thy best affections centred there.

New scenes are opening to thy view ;
 New joys are springing at thy feet ;
 New hopes invite thee to pursue
 The ways that seem with bliss replete.

May he whose hand is joined in thine,
 Protect thee ever and defend ;
 E'en as the oak supports the vine,
 Howe'er before the storm it bend.

And now may heaven your footsteps guide ;
 With richest blessings crown each life ;
 In weal or woe, whate'er betide,
 Still keep you happy man and wife.

THERE IS A NAME.

There is a name that comes to me
With sweetness all divine ;
It sounds like heav'nly melody ;
Jesus, that name is thine.

There is a heart of boundless love,
Of tenderness supreme,
'Tis found in our High Priest above,
Who wrought redemption's scheme.

There is a music of the skies,
Whose sounds harmonious swell,
In worlds unseen by mortal eyes,
Where blessed spirits dwell.

There is a land most bright and fair,
That thought has ne'er explored,
Nor heart conceived the glories there,
Where Jesus is adored.

There is a blessed hope that cheers
The pilgrim on his way,
And lights him through this vale of tears
To an eternal day.

That wondrous name, that heart of love,
That music of the skies,
All meet in that bright land above,
Where pleasure never dies.

FAITH AND REASON.

The mental vision turns, with curious gaze,
 Adown the vista of the coming years,
 And feels bewildered, lost, as in a maze,
 So strangely dark the life beyond appears.

Man knows he is, and reason seeks to know
 What yet unseen remains for him to be
 When death's unsparing hand shall strike the blow
 That sets the long-imprisoned spirit free.

But too profound the truths that are concealed,
 For reason's plummet line their depths to reach ;
 And heaven enough has hid, enough revealed,
 The pride of man humility to teach.

But faith to reason not adversely stands,
 Tho' above reason she sublimely soars ;
 Not bound in gloomy fate's resistless bands,
 But in Almighty love believes, adores.

In darkness, reason gropes her doubtful way,
 Fearful alike to move, or, waiting, stand,
 While faith walks boldly in the light of day,
 And firmly grasps a loving Father's hand.

Reason all vainly strives in earnest quest,
 In nature's works to find a God unknown ;
 But faith upon this solid rock can rest—
 God reigns upon a universal throne.

THE LITTLE MAID'S INQUIRY.

A little maid stood, with a tear in her eye,
 And as she gazed upward toward the blue sky,
 She ask'd of her Mamma, "Is God in the star
 That twinkles by night in the heavens afar?
 Does He shine in the sun, at meridian height?
 Is He found in the moon, at noon of the night?
 Does the light of His face gild the dawn of the day,
 Or cheer the deep gloom as the night rolls away?
 Does He watch little folks, and over them keep
 His wondrous protection, awake or asleep?"

Then the little maid's Mamma replied, with a smile,
 "God cares for His children; yes, all of the while;
 Though the sun and the stars that gild the blue arch
 Are but lamps to light up His wonderful march;
 Though He sits on th' throne of the universe high,
 Yet He looks at the tear in the penitent's eye;
 And out from the heaven of heavens He sees
 Whenever my darling is found on her knees;
 He will keep her in life, and when she must die
 Will then take her up to His home in the sky,
 Where the dear, loving Saviour has gone t' prepare
 Bright mansions above, for the children to share."

THE ADVENT.

The stilly night had o'er Judean hills
 Her sable curtain hung, bejewel'd all
 And glitt'ring with gems of glorious settings
 By the Great Creator's hand; whose will,

Out of nothing, all things evolved.
 The city of the Great King was silent ;
 Its busy multitudes, in slumbers wrapt,
 Of their losses dream'd, or gains prospective
 In flocks or herds or precious merchandise ;
 And some, perchance, in visions of the night
 Beheld Him whom the nations long desired—
 Messiah ; nor dream'd of Him so near.
 Methinks a more than midnight stillness reign'd,
 While nature waited, as, with bated breath,
 'The grand announcement that Jacob's Star,
 By ancient sages seen of old, had risen ;
 Whose glory had full often been the theme
 Of prophet's vision, or inspired the songs
 Of Israel's sweet singer, as, with lyre attuned,
 He look'd adown the coming ages.
 O, earth, rejoice ! be glad ye sons of men,
 And shout for joy ye saints of the Most High ;
 For the hour is at hand, that wondrous hour
 Before the earth's foundations deep were laid
 Predestined, and in characters of light
 Recorded in the annals of the skies ;
 The hour which fulfills the promise made
 Before the gates of Eden's garden closed
 Forever on the sinning ones, that they,
 Though barr'd return, might Paradise regain
 Through Seed of woman, who should bruise the head
 Of that foul Serpent.
 'Twould seem as if the music of the skies
 Had struck a higher key, and heaven itself
 Was glad with a joy hitherto unknown.
 "As when the morning stars together sang

O'er creation's finish'd work,"
 So rejoiced the sons of God when first
 Were shining ones from heav'ns bright courts dispatch'd,
 With divine commissions, the news to bear
 Down to the sons of earth that, lo ! to-day,
 In Bethlehem's ancient town, there is born
 A child, who shall be Prophet, Priest and King ;
 Who shall to Himself subdue earth's kingdoms,
 And reign in righteousness forever.

"O, shepherds, above all men honor'd, first
 To hear the joyous tidings ; hasten now
 The infant Saviour to behold ; then haste
 To tell the waiting world the Lord has come.
 The Day-Star from on high has arisen ;
 Israel's glory and the Light of the world ;
 And Jesus is this wondrous Stranger's name ;
 Because from sin He shall His people save.
 Go gaze upon the Saviour of mankind,
 And mark His humble birth, though Lord of all ;
 Then sing in loudest anthems to His praise,
 "Glory to God in the highest, glory !"



DEATH OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

A mighty man to-day
 Has pass'd from earth away ;
 A prince renowned in Israel's host,
 To Canaan's fair and happy coast
 Has gone before ;
 His labor o'er,

His work well done ;
 The faithful one
 Is called to share his full reward,
 Of joy eternal with his Lord.

An orator of fame,
 He won himself a name
 By gracious words and noble deeds ;
 No marble shaft his memory needs ;
 His record stands,
 In all the lands ;
 And youth and age
 Alike engage
 His goodness and his truth to tell,
 And on his name delight to dwell.

To die is highest gain ;
 For this, and not in vain,
 He strove against the hosts of sin,
 And gained a right to enter in
 The city's gate,
 Where angels wait,
 And spirits blest
 Find endless rest ;
 Where God and all His saints reside,
 And Jesus crowns His spotless bride.

A bishop of the church,
 Full well he knew to search
 Where precious gems of truth abound ;
 Seeking in hidden depths profound

For treasures rare,
 And finding there
 Riches untold ;
 Not earthly mold,
 But wealth, exhaustless as the skies,
 Which open to the seeker lies.

With pinions plumed for flight,
 Up to the mansions bright
 His happy spirit winged its way,
 And left behind the house of clay ;
 Our bosoms heave ;
 We scarce believe
 His soul has fled—
 That he is dead ;
 And though our grief we may not tell,
 We know 'tis with the righteous well.

Beyond the reach of thought
 He's found the rest he sought ;
 His life well spent for other's weal
 And stamp'd with heav'n's approving seal,
 Will, like a song,
 Be cherished long ;
 His name to all
 Will oft recall
 The husband, father, pastor, friend,
 Beloved and honor'd to the end.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

The serrried hosts are marching on,
Their steady tramp is heard ;
An army with its banners spread,
By common impulse stirr'd.

They, by their Leader's great command,
In solid phalanx move ;
A youthful but immortal host,
Who valiant soldiers prove.

The blood-stained banner floating high,
They nobly rally round ;
And when the battle waxes warm,
In thickest fight are found.

The boys and girls are coming now ;
Hark how their voices ring ;
With steady step and cheerful heart
They march along and sing.

They sing a glorious triumph song,
The jubilee of truth ;
And battling for the right they stand,
A noble band of youth.

Bring vernal flowers to deck each brow,
With rose and lily fair ;
While boys and girls go hand in hand,
The victory to share.

When bursting buds are opening wide,
 Their beauties to display,
 'Tis meet the children should rejoice,
 On this the children's day.

Then, when life's battles all are o'er,
 And strifes forever cease,
 The boys and girls will gather home,
 To heaven's eternal peace.

THE WAR IS ALL OVER.

The war is all over, the sword has been sheath'd ;
 No sound of the drum, nor of musketry's rattle ;
 No smoke from the cannon around us is wreath'd,
 No clangor of arms, nor the fury of battle.

The war horse is prancing no more for the fray ;
 His rider has gone ; and the bugle loud sounding,
 Recalls from pursuit, though far on the way
 The legions of Freedom the foe were surrounding.

From Mexico's Gulf to the forests of Maine,
 Lo ! peace is proclaimed, with union and blessing ;
 From the lakes to both oceans, Columbia shall reign,
 And Freedom be ours, while our country possessing.

The soldiers, returning from East and from West,
 Are stacking their arms, their battle-flags folding ;
 War-worn and weary, they are longing for rest,
 Loved home, in the distance, already beholding.

How many, alas ! still sleep on the field,
 Beneath the cold sod ! never more to awaken,
 Till land and the ocean their dead ones shall yield,
 At sound of the trumpet, when earth shall be shaken.

In many a household the light's become dim ;
 For the glory has gone ; and hearts full of anguish,
 Are waiting in vain the coming of him
 Who must lie in the grave, or in hospital languish.

Many widows and orphans are found in the land ;
 Sad fruits of the conflict so recently waging ;
 The nation's rich legacy, left it in hand,
 To cherish and guard, now the strife has ceased raging.

But the war is all over, and victory's gained ;
 The full price has been paid that Freedom demanded ;
 Blood and tears have been shed, all hearts have been
 pained,
 'Twas the sacrifice made that our country commanded.

O God of our fathers, long, long may it be,
 E'er war shall again be found in our border ;
 May we always be right ; and trusting in Thee,
 Enjoy the rich blessings of peace and of order.



IN MEMORY OF MRS. MARY STEVENSON.

For eighty years the paths of life she trod,
 Sustained by an unfaltering trust in God ;
 Whose wondrous grace vouchsafed from day to day,
 Had been her whole support, her only stay.

So peaceful, so serene, life's closing day ;
'Twas like a summer evening's parting ray,
That sheds a golden lustre o'er the scene,
And nature clothes in garb of loveliest mien.

Now that her soul hath entered into rest,
Her children all arise, and call her blest ;
Nor can they e'er her placid countenance forget,
Which e'en in death's embrace doth linger yet.

Her image deeply graven on the heart,
Shall nevermore from love's true shrine depart ;
Affection fond will linger round the place
Where we can still our mother's footprints trace.

We sorrow ; but in sorrow still rejoice,
That though we hear no more on earth her voice,
That voice, attuned to higher, holier lays,
Joins with the angels in their songs of praise.

Like precious ointment treasured up in store,
Her virtues shall be found forevermore,
Still fragrant, as the days and years roll by,
And from the heart her mem'ry ne'er shall die.



OUR PARENTS' GOLDEN WEDDING.

No presents do we bring of gold,
Or costly gifts of virtu rare,
Howe'er esteemed, of earthly mold,
And but the fruit of cank'ring care.

Deign then t'accept the humble lay,
 Dear Father, Mother, which we bring ;
 The homage which the heart would pay ;
 Worth more than pearls that crown a king.

Long years ago, in youthful prime,
 When all was bright as summer day,
 Two hearts were joined for coming time,
 Till life should into death decay.

The warp and woof of fleeting years,
 Made up of threads of every hue,
 Have woven in their hopes or fears,
 As life has seemed or false or true.

Full fifty years of time have flown
 Since at the altar stood the pair ;
 Now families have round them grown,
 Of stalwart sons, and daughters fair.

For fifty years, life's devious ways
 These pilgrims have their journey trod ;
 Together walk'd its toilsome maze,
 Together loved and worshiped God.

For fifty years love's beaming light
 Has lit their pathway to the skies,
 And shines with deep'ning lustre bright,
 As faith that glorious rest describes.

For fifty years, 'mid toil and care,
 They ceaseless strove, and not in vain,
 By diligence and patience rare,
 Honor and competence to gain.

For fifty years they pluck'd the flowers
 That might life's checker'd path bestrew ;
 Finding full oft, in Flora's bowers,—
 That thorns as well as roses grew.

For fifty years the Lord hath brought
 Them by a way to them unknown ;
 And oft for them deliverance wrought,
 As light amid the darkness shone.

In this, their nuptial Jubilee,—
 Their children rise and call them blest ;
 Happy this gladsome hour to see
 Declining years enjoying rest.

Bring rarest flowers of sweet perfume,
 Let garlands deck the brows of age,
 Where matron graces richly bloom,
 And wisdom crowns the Christian sage.



IN MEMORY OF REV. J. CLINE.

A LOCAL PREACHER.

Farewell old soldier of the cross !
 The conflict's o'er ;
 The vict'ry's won ; no fear of loss
 Disturbs thee more.
 The veteran of many fields,
 Thou'st bravely fallen ;
 To take its flight thy spirit yields,
 At Jesus' calling.

Thou the good fight of faith hast fought,
 And triumphed too ;
 And all through blood of Him that brought
 Thee conqueror through.
 To battle for Immanuel's land
 Thou'st nobly striven ;
 And now to thee, at His right hand,
 A seat is given.

Farewell thou blessed of the Lord,
 To die is gain ;
 For thou dost reap the rich reward,
 And cease from pain.
 For thee, "a crown of glory bright"
 Has long been waiting ;
 High up in yonder realms of light,
 Anticipating

The hour when thou shalt come to wear
 It as thy due ;
 And witness evermore to bear
 That God is true ;
 E'en now, for thee, stand open wide
 The gates of heaven ;
 By angel bands on every side,
 Thy welcome's given.

Farewell ; we would not bring thee back,
 Since thou art fled ;
 Though death was ever on thy track,
 Thou art not dead,

But sleeping till the trump shall sound
 The judgment morning ;
 When thou shalt with the Judge be found,
 His train adorning.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

I love to sit in the old arm chair
 My grandsire fill'd before,
 When life was young and skies were fair,
 In long gone days of yore.

And mem'ry brings again the time,
 As evening shades would fall,
 How, listening to the vesper chime,
 We gather'd in the hall.

And round the tables I behold,
 In reading, work or play,
 The happy forms of young and old,
 Who whiled an hour away.

And I remember well how I,
 The largest boy of all,
 Would watch with ever curious eye,
 The shadows on the wall.

How Pa and Ma, and baby Sue,
 Round as a little ball,
 And Tom and Jim, and Mamie too,
 Made shadows on the wall.

O happy days, those days of yore,
 When parents, children all,
 Could see, well pleased, their eyes before,
 Each other on the wall.

But clouds o'erspread the skies with gloom,
 E'en as a funeral pall,
 When missing in the family room
 Two shadows from the wall.

For curly Jim and baby Sue
 Both went to sleep one night,
 And angels came and took the two,
 Before the morning light.

And Pa and Ma grew old apace,
 Until they heard the call
 That summoned from its wonted place
 Each shadow on the wall.

Sweet Mamie then, and I awhile,
 Made up the circle small ;
 But ah, we both had ceased to smile
 At shadows on the wall.

And now I'm left alone at last
 Within my grandsire's hall,
 One only form remains to cast,
 A shadow on the wall.

And yet I love the old arm chair
 My grandsire loved before,
 When life with me was young and fair,
 In happy days of yore.

A NAME IN HEAVEN.

I'm happy when I think
 My name is there ;
 O 'twas a glorious day,
 When first I heard Him say,
 Have thou no doubt ;
 I've blotted out
 Thy sins with streaming blood divine—
 'Twas shed for thee, and thou art mine.

And I'm rejoicing yet,
 Though years decline ;
 I have maintained the strife—
 Henceforth a crown of life,
 Laid up for me,
 I soon shall see ;
 And wear it, too, amid the throng
 That join to sing the angels' song.

Assurance, Lord, is given,
 My name is there ;
 My prayers on Thee attend ;
 The answer Thou dost send
 In love to me ;
 I'll live for Thee ;
 For Thee the heavy cross will bear,
 And all its toils and triumphs share.

Surely my name is there,
 Since Thou hast died ;
 I read it in the blood
 That flows, a purple flood,

Down from Thy side ;
 The crimson tide
 On Calvary's steeps my name doth trace,
 Which earth nor hell can e'er efface.

So will I trust in Thee,
 Whose grace is free ;
 In deepest gloom and care,
 My soul will ne'er despair,
 Since Thee I know ;
 But on I'll go,
 And wait to hear the summons given,
 That bids me take my place in heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN.

Behold the Christian maiden stand,
 In native loveliness replete,
 With Jesus walking hand in hand,
 Holding with Him communion sweet.

In conscious dignity and grace,
 With never-failing faith sublime,
 She presses forward in the race,
 Whose goal is at the end of time.

In robes of purity and truth
 Arrayed, with innocence and love,
 Bright jewels, to adorn her youth,
 And faith that ever looks above.

A holy, quiet spirit, meek,
 Controls and sweetens all her life,
 And gives her patiently to seek
 The paths of peace, with beauty rife.

Bedeck'd with jewelry divine,
 The priceless treasure of the skies,
 Fair gospel pearls her neck entwine,
 And hope beams brightly in her eyes.

One name is on her heart impressed,
 Her countenance serene and mild,
 With courage that no doubts molest,
 Not e'en amidst the tempest wild.

She trusts in Him whose eye discerns
 When falls a sparrow to the ground ;
 Whose heart of love and pity yearns
 Toward all among His children found.

Behold the daughter of a King,
 Arrayed in garments pure and white,
 She wears the royal signet ring,
 Her crown begem'd with stars of light.

DEATH OF JUDGE THOMSON.

WHO DIED SUDDENLY, IN THE COURT ROOM.

Throughout the halls where Justice holds in sway,
 With equal hand, her well adjusted scales,
 An all pervading sadness rules the day,
 And every heart in solemn silence wails.

For death, all unannounced, with stealthy tread,
 Those thresholds crossed with purpose dire ;
 He touched, and soon the vital spark had fled,
 While waiting throngs beheld the sage expire.

No common prey could satisfy the stern demand,
 When Thomson fell, and in his ripened age
 His compeers left, with conflict still in hand,
 Full soon to quit, like him, life's transient stage.

His was the intellect whose grasp compelled,
 And made subservient to his purpose grand,
 The learned lore in mental storage held,
 For use when e'er occasion might command.

How fitting such a life should find its close
 Amid congenial scenes where oft were won
 Its grandest triumphs, and in calm repose
 Long respite gain, from toil and labor done.

He's gone, to stand before His judgment seat,
 From whose decisions no appeal is heard ;
 Where judges, advocates, and clients meet,
 To be condemned or hear th' approving word.



MARRIAGE OF MY NEPHEW.

When first the great Creator breath'd
 In man the breath of life,
 He saw that he would lonely be,
 So made for him a wife.

And on since that auspicious day,
 This truth has clearly shown,
 That 'tis not good, in weal or woe,
 For man to be alone.

And woman, bless her little heart,
 So kindly takes to man,
 That all things work together with
 The Maker's wondrous plan.

And now my nephew feels the point
 Of Cupid's sharpest dart,
 For lo, an arrow from his bow
 Has pierced his tender heart.

The marriage bells are ringing now,
 Their joyous tones I hear;
 The pealing anthems on the air
 Are sounding loud and clear.

May he and his together live,
 In bonds of holy love,
 Till summon'd from these earthly scenes
 To purer joys above.

May heav'n's best blessings rest upon
 My nephew and my niece,
 And as the days and years go by,
 May happiness increase.

Along the checkered ways of life
 Let flowers forever bloom,
 And still, in bright or cloudy days,
 Shed forth a rich perfume.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE CARRIE Z.

'Twas balmy Spring ; the widely spreading trees
 Display'd their leafy honors in the breeze,
 The opening buds were bursting into bloom,
 And all the air was filled with sweet perfume.

One lovely rosebud in our household grew,
 ('Twas watched and tended with affection true ;)
 Expanding day by day, as in our sight,
 Its sweetness thrill'd our hearts with strange delight.

With care, by day and night its little form
 Was closely sheltered from each threat'ning storm ;
 Alike in winter's cold or summer's heat,
 Our flow'ret grew in loveliness replete.

As ivy clinging to the oak is found,
 The tendrils of our little plant had wound
 Around our hearts, in fondest love's embrace,
 Till for aught else was scarcely found a place.

But ah ! the opening flower, our latest care,
 Blooming but yesterday in beauty rare,
 Has fall'n before the frost's untimely blast,
 And to the ground, behold it wither'd cast.

And thus our darling Carrie lies, alas !
 Beneath the mound o'ergrown with grass ;
 And flowers of sweet perfume shall deck the sod
 That covers her whose spirit is with God.

But whilst the tears of heartfelt sorrow flow,
 We still may rest, rejoicing, since we know,
 That Jesus has but taken from our eyes
 Our rosebud sweet, to bloom in Paradise.

MY BABY BOY.

THE MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

I look upon his tiny form
 With all a mother's pride,
 And fold him to my bosom warm,
 And lay me down beside.

I gaze into his deep blue eyes,
 And ask, as I behold,
 "Had ever mother such a prize
 As that my arms enfold?"

His dimpled chin and chubby cheek,
 With loveliness replete,
 His pure unsullied life bespeak ;
 And then, a kiss so sweet.

My heart o'erflows with fond delight
 None but a mother knows,
 And when I kiss my boy good-night,
 My eyes refuse to close.

And, looking on his cherub face,
 I see imprinted there
 His manly lineaments and grace
 Who feels a father's care.

His little hands across his breast
 I see enfolded now,
 And fondly in his peaceful rest
 I stroke his childish brow.

And when I feel his tender arms
 Around my neck entwined,
 I cannot half express the charms
 I in my baby find.

My heart swells up with gratitude
 For every bounty given,
 And I accept from Him that's good
 This precious gift of heaven,

And humbly ask that, night and day,
 He'd keep my darling boy,
 Nor ever suffer him to stray
 Where Satan may destroy.

I hold him with a trembling hand,
 That I may ready be,
 To yield him up at His command,
 Who gave him first to me.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

When threat'ning clouds obscure the light,
And darkness gathers dense and deep,
Through all the gloomy depths of night,
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

When overflows the soul with grief,
And sorrow makes the eyes to weep,
He sends the stricken one relief,
“And giveth His beloved sleep.”

When pain and sore distress attack,
The Lord will then His promise keep;
His children no good thing shall lack,
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

When fierce temptations us assail,
Then, fainting not, we'll surely reap;
No word of His will ever fail,
“Who giveth His beloved sleep.”

When angry storms around us roll,
And billows rise, as in a heap,
His presence will the winds control,
“And give His own beloved sleep.”

And when the bow of promise, fair,
Is seen to span the raging deep,
E'en then we know that He is there
“Who giveth His beloved sleep.”

When shines the sun with glad'ning ray,
 And makes the heart with joy to leap,
 His light shall guide us all the way,
 "Who giveth His beloved sleep?"

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God ; O blest retreat ;
 Where we with God in secret meet ;
 What solitude like that is known,
 When we are left with God alone.

Alone with God ; O how replete
 With bliss, is such communion sweet ;
 The soul shut in from worldly care,
 Alone with God, in holy prayer.

Alone with God ; in darkest night
 Is heard the voice, "Let there be light ;"
 And though the storms rage fierce without,
 Alone with God, we need not doubt.

Alone with God ; what wondrous joy ;
 'Tis conscious peace without alloy ;
 The soul in meditation blest,
 Alone with God, delights to rest.

Alone with God ; above the skies,
 How swiftly up the thoughts arise,
 While we adore the matchless love
 That brought the Saviour from above.

Alone with God ; what answers rare
 Does God vouchsafe to faithful pray'r
 That, Jacob-like, before the throne,
 Wrestles all night with God alone.

A WELCOME HOME.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES' BIBLE CLASS AFTER VACATION.

From mountain side, from valley green,
 From where the billows foam ;
 From every grand and lovely scene,
 Our friends are coming home.

God in His love has sweetly kept,
 Where'er they chanced to roam,
 And when awake, or if they slept,
 And brought them safely home.

From tented grove or wooded hill
 Behold the wand'ers come,
 And lo, we greet with right good will,
 And bid them welcome home.

Vacation led your youthful feet,
 Dear scholars, far to roam,
 But now we joy again to meet,
 And bid you welcome home.

At morning light or noontide high,
 Or in the evening gloam,
 We'll pray that He who rules the sky,
 May bless our Sabbath home.

GOD IS GOOD.

The glowing sunshine and the showers ;
 The fruitful fields and blooming flowers ;
 The gurgling fountain and the spring ;
 The twit'ring swallow on the wing ;
 The stars that deck the brow of night ;
 The silvery moon in robes of light ;
 The ever toiling busy bee ;
 The river rolling toward the sea ;
 The mountains tow'ring to the sky ;
 The summer clouds that rapid fly ;
 The vict'ry when the race is run ;
 The resting when the work is done ;
 The hearty laugh, the cheerful smile ;
 The songs that weary hours beguile ;
 The storm clouds in their gloomy march ;
 The beauteous bow that spans the arch ;
 The wild rose in the forest dim ;
 The sweet low sounds of nature's hymn ;
 The harvest fields of golden grain ;
 The fruits of Autumn in their train ;
 The happy lover and his bride
 That stands so proudly at his side ;
 The solemn music of the spheres,
 Inaudible to human ears ;
 Sweet childhood's innocence and mirth,
 And all the numerous joys of earth ;
 Our health and strength, and daily food—
 All, all proclaim that God is good.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Full thrice a hundred times and more
 The golden sun his course has sped ;
 His steeds of fire, as erst of yore,
 Came marching on with rapid tread,

And hast'ning up the sky's ascent,
 They brush'd the morning dews away ;
 And on, with measured footsteps went,
 Nor stop'd to rest 'neath noontide ray.

But down the closing day's decline,
 As swift as at the early dawn,
 The coursers, tired, their race resign,
 As evening shades come gently on.

And thus through all the fleeting years,
 The night and day, in friendly strife,
 Alternately, 'mid hopes and fears,
 Illume or shade the paths of life.

The pealing of the midnight chime
 Proclaims another year begun—
 An era in the march of time,
 Of battles to be fought and won.

'Tis New Year's Day ; ring all the bells
 In gladsome chorus, long and loud ;
 While joy the heaving bosom swells,
 And happy thoughts each other crowd.

In each abode of want and woe
 May Hope arise with cheering ray ;
 And every child of sorrow know,
 A truly happy New Year's Day.

IN MEMORY OF FANNY.

All brightly rose the morn of life,
 With promises so fair,
 Of hopes and joys and pleasures rife,
 In future years to share.

How sweetly bloom'd the opening rose,
 And shed its rich perfume ;
 So soon, alas ! its leaves to close,
 And meet an early doom.

When Fanny's spirit, pure and bright,
 Fled from its house of clay,
 It seemed, indeed, as if the light
 Had faded from our day.

The vacant chair, the darken'd room,
 The songs in silence hush'd,
 Betoken all the depth of gloom
 That o'er our spirits rush'd,

When death had come with chilling blast,
 And laid his icy hand
 Upon the fairest, as he pass'd,
 Of all our household band.

Oh, could he not have pass'd us by,
 And sought some other prey?
 Why should the young be called to die—
 To pass so soon away?

Dear Fanny's voice, so soft and sweet,
 As oft we loved to hear,
 Shall now no more our senses greet,
 No more our spirits cheer.

But her's shall be an angel's song,
 Of glory to our King;
 And all who unto Christ belong,
 The chorus loud shall sing.

THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

How blessed the morn when Jesus was born;
 See Bethlehem's child;
 Messiah has come, in the infant so mild.

What a wonderful life, with sorrow so rife,
 Though lips without guile
 Spake only of good, nor did ever revile.

How sacred the tide that flow'd from the side
 Of the Crucified One,
 When the Saviour's great work of redemption was done.

How bright was the dawn when Jesus was gone
 Forth from the dark grave ;
 Triumphant was He who is mighty to save.

Let all that have breath praise the Saviour whose death
 Salvation hath brought ;
 And publish abroad what wonders He's wrought.

He hath open'd the gate, where angels await
 'To welcome them home ;
 To whom He shall say, "Ye blessed ones, come."

Oh, glorious retreat, at Jesus's feet
 A refuge to find ;
 To leave the cold world and its sorrows behind.

What pleasures untold we there shall behold ;
 Forever at rest,
 With glorified spirits, in realms of the blest.

"Oh, wonderful change, in a moment to range
 The temple above ;
 And ineffable joy and triumph to prove."



ESCAPED SAFELY TO LAND.

Far out upon a dangerous coast
 A fragile bark was tempest tost,
 While boist'rous waves ran wild and high,
 And storm-clouds dark obscured the sky.

Through lonely nights and weary days
 Nor sun nor stars shone through the haze,
 But all the air seemed filled with wrath
 Along the vessel's deep-sea path.

Two hundred, three score souls and more,
 The bark so frail 'mid tempest bore ;
 But chief among the souls on board,
 The great Apostle of the Lord.

His warning voice they fail to heed
 Till in the hour of greatest need,
 When hope itself had fled away,
 Nor left of light a single ray.

God's faithful servant then appeared,
 And thus their drooping spirits cheered :
 " What, though the ship ashore be tossed,
 A single life shall not be lost ! "

So when the vessel grounded fast,
 And all within the deep were cast,
 On broken boards, borne to the strand,
 In safety all escaped to land.

So we, upon life's voyage bound,
 With rocks and whirlpools all around,
 When sun and stars are quite concealed,
 To dread despair would often yield,

Did not a voice come o'er the waves,
 " Whoe'er divine assistance craves,
 Let him to Me lift up his cry,
 Who would not have the sinner die. "

As once on stormy Galilee,
 When sun nor stars the eye could see,
 The Master, in majestic form,
 Appeared amid the raging storm,

And bade the tossing waves, in peace,
 Their wild tumultuous surgings cease;
 That voice still comes the heart to cheer,
 And sweetly whispers, "Never fear."

How blessed, when life's voyage o'er,
 Our bark, not wrecked upon the shore,
 But snugly moored along the strand,
 We all in safety reach the land.

NON-ENTITY.

What human eye has pierced the bound
 Where life in non-existence ends?
 Who can describe the depths profound,
 As chaos everywhere extends?

Like billows o'er a shoreless sea,
 The waves of gloomy darkness roll
 O'er measureless immensity;
 Fit emblem of a perished soul.

The word of God, "Let there be light,"
 Had ne'er gone forth o'er empty space;
 But ever-during starless night,
 Where hope no glimmering ray can trace.

Who ever stood on farthest verge,
 And looked from off that mystic shore
 Where all things into nothing merge?
 Who can that wondrous realm explore

Where darkness reigns without a ray,
 To cheer a denser, deeper gloom,
 Than that, that veiled Egyptian day,
 Or gathers round the noisome tomb?

Where is that mystic border land,
 Creation's boundary sublime,
 Where the great Maker stay'd his hand,
 When first began the march of time?

No spirit ever came to earth,
 Across that fathomless abyss,
 Revealing nature's primal birth,
 The myst'ries of that land, to this.

What wastes of matter yet unformed
 Through all those gloomy regions lie,
 Till into life and being warmed
 By the Creator's voice "Most High."

From out of this chaotic mass
 What worlds are being still evolved,
 To roll in space while ages pass,
 Though earth and skies shall be dissolved!

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE.

As one by one we slowly move along
 To mingle with the ever-swelling throng,
 In numbers numerous as the orbs on high,
 Whose silver radiance decks the midnight sky,

So all that tread the busy scenes of time,
 Pursuing phantoms or in work sublime
 For God, are pressing tow'rd the goal,
 Where ends the race of every human soul.

The seething multitudes that crowd the earth,
 The low and grov'ling or of noble birth,
 Seekers of pleasure or of worldly gain,
 Forego their transient joys and treasures vain.

Of all the millions marching to the tomb,
 Or they that sleep enshrouded in its gloom,
 Each one shall hear the trump that wakes the dead,
 And, hearing, leave at once his dusty bed.

And they that, careless, crowd along the way
 Where ends life's fitful and uncertain day,
 Shall know at last the awful judgments dire,
 God's fearful vengeance of eternal fire.

But Christians, standing on life's summit grand,
 Descry expectantly that glorious land
 Of golden streets and pearly gates unseen,
 Where skies are clear and fields forever green.

THE DANCE.

Within the walls of the gay saloon,
 At the weird-like hour of night's deep noon,
 Where lamps were flashing their golden blaze
 O'er graceful forms in the giddy maze,
 The dance went gaily on.

Midst the sweetest of sounds harmonious heard,
 And joyous the thoughts alone that stirr'd,
 As musical strains thrill'd every breast,
 That heaved with its ever rising-zest,
 The dance went gaily on.

With footsteps light as the wild gazelle,
 As the chords of passion rose and fell,
 Fair forms were treading to sounds of mirth,
 Though midnight gloom enwapt the earth—
 And still the dance went on.

Though the wee small hours were passing now,
 Without a cloud to o'ershade the brow,
 And nought suggested, for once, that aught
 But joy should be by the morning brought—
 And so the dance went on.

Mid the fumes of wine and the sounds of song,
 There came from amidst that merry throng
 A cry of horror and wild despair—
 When death had embraced a maiden fair,
 E'en while the dance went on.

From the gay saloon they bore her out,
 While ceased a moment the gladsome shout ;
 But the sound of the viol arose and fell,
 Till all were charmed with its wondrous spell,
 And again the dance went on.

E'er morning dawned and the lamps went out,
 And hush'd was the song of mirth and rout,
 Th' seekers of pleasure, with weary feet,
 Had retired the coming morn to meet ;
 But one had passed to the judgment seat
 E'en while the dance went on.

THE SEA.

I stood on the brink of a shoreless sea,
 And looking, as over immensity,
 I saw in its circles eddying wide
 The onward roll of its restless tide,
 And far away on the face of the deep,
 Where the dark gray mists of the morning creep
 (While there came low sounds, as of nature's hymn),
 Like spectres I saw, in the distance dim,
 What seemed like ships, so gallant and tall,
 With flags in the breeze afloat over all ;
 All resting becalmed they peacefully lie,
 Or sailing together where billows roll high ;
 With favoring winds moving gaily along,
 While over the waves the mariner's song
 Comes borne on the breeze that swept o'er the deep,
 Where sea-kings in state their royalty keep ;

Some, speeding along, on the voyage intent,
 Were courting the winds with every sail bent ;
 While others, more careless, were floating at ease,
 Though onward still borne by th' roll of the seas ;
 And as they emerged from the mists of the morn,
 To regions of light all splendidly borne,
 There came a sad thought that 'neath the wild waves
 Some ships had gone down to ocean's deep caves ;
 And sooner or later the billowy surge
 Each craft in its turn would surely submerge.
 And every one had its burden of freight :
 Some laden with cares of home or of state ;
 Some ready to sink with a cargo of sighs ;
 Some laden with sorrow, but held in disguise ;
 With colors bedeck'd some skimm'd the broad seas,
 On holiday trip enjoying the breeze,
 Unmindful of clouds that portentously roll—
 Precursors of storms submerging the soul
 When passion's wild waves like thunder shall roar,
 And breakers of wrath roll up evermore.
 But others, in prudence, would shorten their sail,
 Hoping at least to outweather the gale—
 Contented to reach the harbor at last,
 E'en though the cargo be overboard cast ;
 Then out o'er the deep, while looking still more,
 I dream'd that I saw Eternity's shore,
 And there I descried far up a broad bay,
 Where a haven of rest all quietly lay ;
 And many a ship outriding the storm
 (How threat'ning so e'er and dreadful its form),
 With every sail set, with flag in the breeze,
 Reach'd safely the port, escaping the seas ;

And, dropping the anchor, with songs rent the sky,
 While anthems of rapture ascended on high.
 But then as I look'd, with astonishment sore,
 What numberless wrecks I saw on the shore,
 All stranded and broken by violent waves,
 And perish'd their crews in watery graves ;
 But each little boat, in structure though frail,
 Had safely arrived, outriding the gale ;
 For the Pilot was guiding their voyages short
 (Full oft but a day), and brought them to port ;
 But the brightness of dawn ended my sleep,
 Dispelling my dream of ships on the deep ;
 But I saw that to make life's voyage succeed,
 Of compass and chart we always have need ,
 Our sailing directions must ever obey, .
 And soundings must take by night or by day.
 Thus on the alert, with lights burning clear,
 We may traverse the sea with nothing to fear ;
 Though tempest may rage from near or afar,
 With faith's steady gaze on the bright Polar Star,
 Fair Haven we'll gain, with anchorage found,
 And the voyage at length with triumph be crown'd.

OUR GIRLS.

Our girls, a goodly band are they—
 Fair as the morning's dawn in May
 When nature wears her best ;
 Pure as the dew the rosebud sips,
 And sweet the nectar of their lips,
 To answering lips when press'd.

With cheerful look and radiant smile,
 Our lovely girls, devoid of guile,
 Compel us to admire ;
 With hearts and minds of gentle worth,
 They live to bless the sons of earth
 Who to their hands aspire.

Their winning ways and eyes of light
 Soon captivate the lucky wight
 Who feels the magic spell
 That drives away all fear of harm
 And comes upon him like a charm,
 His heart with hopes to swell.

Our girls, indeed we love them well—
 With step as light as wild gazelle,
 As blithesome and as free ;
 Like flowers they deck the path of life,
 With fragrance and with beauty rife,
 As sweet as sweet can be.

They only wait to answer yes
 When ask'd some manly heart to bless—
 To bless for all of life ;
 Through good or ill, whate'er betide,
 To know no other love beside,
 A true and faithful wife.

IN MEMORY OF REV. J. S. INSKIP.

A prince of royal blood has gone
 His kingdom to inherit,
 And brighter scenes of glory dawn
 On his triumphant spirit.

With raptured eye he now descries,
 With more than mortal vision,
 Those glorious mansions in the skies
 And fields beyond Elysian.

Most valiant for the truth he stood—
 The truth of God eternal,
 And taught the list'ning multitude
 To seek for joys supernal.

The conflict long and sharp is o'er,
 His latest foe is vanquish'd ;
 He's landed safe upon the shore
 For which his spirit languish'd.

Though fiercely raged the battle strife,
 Yet ever on his banner
 His motto was, eternal life,
 His rallying cry, " Hosanna."

The Spirit's sword he knew to wield,
 The enemy confounding ;
 But never knew to quit the field
 Till victory was resounding.

Through every conflict, toil and care,
 His soul, anticipating,
 Has gone the glorious crown to wear,
 So long for him in waiting.

EASTER.

Forth from the dark and dreary tomb
 He comes emerging from the gloom,
 And clothed in life and power divine,
 His features all with radiance shine.

No human hands roll'd back the stone
 Where slept the silent dead alone,
 But spirits bright, from worlds unseen,
 Are sitting where the Lord has been.

He put aside His glorious crown,
 For sinful man His life laid down ;
 He brought the news of gospel grace—
 Glad tidings to our fallen race.

He tasted death a world to save,
 But rose a victor o'er the grave ;
 Ascending up to realms of light,
 By clouds received from human sight.

Then let the world rejoice and sing,
 And shout the triumphs of her King ;
 Let men and angels swell His train,
 And Christ the Lord of glory reign.

BEYOND.

Beyond the starry skies,
Beyond the azure blue,
The gates of Paradise
Stand open wide for you.

Where blessed spirits wait,
Those glorious mansions fair,
Within the pearly gate,
Wait our arrival there.

Where flows the crystal stream,
Behold the tree of life,
Beneath the sunny gleam,
With luscious fruitage rife.

Those pavements all of gold,
And jasper walls so pure,
Most wondrous to behold—
So strong, so high, secure,

That naught can entrance gain,
Unholy or unclean ;
No place is found for pain,
No tears are ever seen.

SECOND PSALM.

Why do the wicked heathen rage,
Nor try their anger to restrain ?
While foolish thoughts their minds engage,
Imag'ning things absurd and vain.

The kings of earth themselves have set
Against the Anointed and the Lord,
And rulers have in counsel met
And join'd to say with one accord,

Let us their bands asunder break,
Their cords from off us cast away,
From wearied limbs the fetters shake,
Nor longer in their service stay.

He who in Heav'n maintains His seat,
Shall laugh at them in dire distress ;
And when their woes and terrors meet,
Deride them in their wretchedness.

Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
And in His sore displeasure vex ;
With dangers fill the sinners' path,
And all their devious ways perplex.

Yet have I set my King on high,
Even on Zion's holy hill ;
I will declare, yea, even I,
All the good counsels of my will.

The Lord hath said, Thou art my Son,
 This day have I begotten Thee;
 Then ask of Me, it shall be done;
 The heathen tribes thine own shall be.

Thy rightful and thy sov'reign sway
 The utmost parts of earth shall own,
 And learn the precepts to obey
 Of Him who sitteth on the throne.

And thou shall beat them with a rod,
 A rod of iron, and dash them down,
 As when by potter, like a clod,
 Aside the broken vessel's thrown.

Therefore, ye kings, be wise to learn,
 And all ye judges of the earth
 Behold and serve the Lord and turn,
 With trembling, from your sinful mirth.

To shun His anger, kiss the Son,
 Lest ye should perish from the way,
 E'en when His ire is but begun;
 But blest are all who Him obey.

THE RETROSPECT.

For you, my youthful days, my heart doth yearn,
 As backward o'er the years mine eyes I turn,
 And vainly wish I could the steps retrace
 And mingle once again with childhood's race.

Oh, could I hear again the playful call
 To have a merry game of bat and ball,
 Or run to raise in air the buoyant kite,
 And on it gaze with unalloy'd delight.

How oft, unmindful of the summer's heat,
 I trudged along the way with shoeless feet,
 With hook and line and savory tempting bait,
 With tireless patience for a bite to wait.

Returning home at night, full well outdone,
 But satisfied with having lots of fun :
 My basket, too, all innocent of fish,
 And naught within it save an empty dish.

When came the shadows of the evening gray,
 And deep'ning gloom proclaimed the close of day,
 'Twas sweet to plunge beneath the crystal tide,
 And with the arms the rip'ling waves divide.

And oft I think of days, alas ! too few,
 When I, to learn whate'er the master knew,
 Repaired to school each day, and, eager, sought
 Such lore to gain as might with good be fraught.

Nor yet unmindful of the coming day,
 When schoolboys all might be allowed to play—
 The grand vacation time, the child's delight,
 Of which he thinks by day and dreams at night.

Alas ! full soon are fled our happiest hours,
 And other thoughts must them engage our powers ;
 And dull, prosaic business, with its care,
 Demands of labor and of time its share.

And by-and-by, amid the toil and strife,
 The ever-busy man must take a wife,
 And then, as sent from heav'n their hearts to cheer,
 Sweet children soon upon the scene appear.

E'en such is life; the simple child, the youth;
 The busy, thoughtful man in search of truth;
 The husband, wife, with precious children dear—
 Full soon from earth each one shall disappear.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

How bright appears the morn of life,
 No clouds to mar its prospects fair;
 The golden sky with beauty rife,
 And summer flowers perfume the air.

Thus youth looks out upon the scene
 That spreads before his wond'ring eyes,
 Like prairies clothed in robes of green,
 And decked with Nature's gorgeous dyes.

Faith buoys his soul and cheers his way,
 Nor once permits him to despond;
 While Hope's sweet star, with beauteous ray,
 Points up to brighter scenes beyond.

But storms arise o'er manhood's day,
 And hurricanes, along the path
 (So lately decked with all that's gay),
 Reveal the fearful tempest's wrath.

As stands the oak amid the blast,
 And sends its roots still deeper down,
 So man, when skies are overcast,
 And fortune on him seems to frown,

Still trusts in God, and nobly stands
 To meet the onset of the foe ;
 He only conquers who commands,
 And passion's waves obedient flow.

WATCH.

Watch, for the night is coming,
 The night so dark and drear ;
 Watch, through the gloom and silence
 The summons may be near.

Watch while the stars are shining
 High up in yonder sky ;
 Watch, for the time is hastening,
 The time for thee to die.

Watch, for the thief approacheth
 Thy house to break it through ;
 Watch, lest he find thee sleeping,
 When thou can'st nothing do.

Watch till the morning dawneth,
 Watch till the noontide high,
 Watch till the daylight waneth
 And stars bestud the sky.

Watch, for the hours are fleeting,
 And well redeem the time ;
 Watch till the Bridegroom cometh,
 And wait in faith sublime.

Then watch and wait by night and day,
 The Master draweth nigh ;
 His gracious voice will call us hence
 To dwell with Him on high.



LOVE AND MERCY.

Ever from the open fountain
 Streams of love and mercy flow ;
 Sinners, then, to Zion's mountain,
 At the Saviour's bidding go.
 Go at once to seek salvation,
 Where the priceless pearl is found,
 And from every rank and station
 Listen to the gospel's sound.

Lo ! in Jesus is redemption,
 Through His blood on Calv'ry spilt, .
 And for us is bought exemption
 From the dire results of guilt.
 Come and taste the great salvation ;
 Come with ever-willing heart,
 And the Spirit's attestation
 Peace and comfort will impart.

From the dread of condemnation
 He is waiting to relieve ;
 All may come with acceptance,
 And His pard'ning love receive.
 And to such the gates eternal,
 Standing open night and day,
 Welcome into joys supernal,
 Joys that never fade away.



A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A home in heaven with Jesus,
 O wondrous home, beyond compare ;
 Its glorious mansions large and fair,
 Prepared by hands of love divine,
 Bright as the sun forever shine
 In heaven alone with Jesus.

A home in heaven with Jesus ;
 Sweet as the music of the skies,
 There is a voice that ever cries,
 "Whoever will" may here find rest,
 Safe in the shelter of His breast,
 And live in heaven with Jesus.

A home in heaven with Jesus ;
 Thrice blessed is the fond desire
 To which our ardent hopes aspire,
 That when the toils of life are o'er
 Sweet rest awaits on yonder shore,
 At home in heaven with Jesus.

A home in heaven with Jesus,
 Where all the pure in heart are found
 In garments white, with glory crown'd,
 All tears forever wiped away,
 And night gives place to endless day ;
 'Tis heaven to be with Jesus.

A home in heaven with Jesus ;
 Sweet home, sweet home,
 Our glorious home ; we'll soon be there,
 At home in heaven with Jesus.

CLEAR THE WAY.

The children are coming, clear the way ;
 The youthful host is marching on,
 Marching on to victory,
 In God's own name the day to win
 Against th' embattled hosts of sin ;
 Clear the way.

The children are coming, clear the way ;
 Their steady tramp is heard afar,
 Keeping step to notes of joy ;
 Determined wrong shall ne'er enslave,
 They come, an army young and brave ;
 Clear the way.

The children are coming, clear the way,
 In Immanuel's cause to fight,
 Satan's kingdom to overthrow,

With sword and shield the war to wage
 And hand to hand the foe engage ;
 Clear the way.

The children are coming, clear the way ;
 The trumpet notes of jubilee
 Sound aloud o'er all the land,
 King Jesus comes ; He comes to reign,
 While children shout o'er hill and plain,
 Clear the way.

The children are coming, clear the way ;
 The sound of voices young and sweet
 Tell us of the coming joy,
 When from afar the girls shall come,
 And with the boys shout, harvest home ;
 Clear the way.

THE RECORD OF A LIFE.

I saw an infant on the stage of life,
 A little frail and helpless thing ;
 I saw when it began the mortal strife,
 And in its feebleness would cling
 (In self-distrust) to her who gave it birth ;
 And how, as conscious all the while,
 It sobb'd, or manifested signs of mirth,
 If met with frowns or with a smile.

Years pass'd ; that babe was now a romping boy,
 Wild, frolicsome and full of glee,
 Delighted with a tiny, trifling toy,
 Blithe as a bird and just as free.

And time still passed his rapid way along ;
 That boy was grown a buoyant lad,
 Treading the paths of life with joyous song,
 And hopes that made his spirits glad.

When days and weeks and months and years had past,
 The prattling babe, the romping boy,
 The buoyant, happy youth, had reach'd at last
 That period of expected joy ;
 The school days (happiest days if he but knew),
 With irksome lessons, all are o'er,
 The youth is now a man, with much to do—
 To act his part the world before.

New prospects open now, new scenes invite,
 New fires are glowing in his breast,
 A strange mysterious spell of sweet delight—
 The man's in love and cannot rest ;
 For Cupid, with his keenest, sharpest dart,
 Has pierced his soul in tender strife ;
 And, lo ! he seeks, to cure a wounded heart,
 Love's only balm—a loving wife.

And still the time has fled, he scarce knows how ;
 That father's heart is fill'd with joy ;
 That loving wife, a happy mother now,
 Clasps with delight her darling boy.
 And gath'ring round his peaceful hearth,
 As time rolls on, behold his girls,
 With cheerful, ringing laugh and joyous mirth,
 And witching eyes, and glossy curls.

And then the beaus, perchance, are gath'ring there,
 By beaming eyes and smiles allured ;
 Happy if, with the favor of the fair,
 The Sire's consent can be secured.
 Thus far his life has been a summer's day,
 No threat'ning clouds have cross'd his path ;
 But now, alas ! alas ! the sunny ray
 Gives place to signs of coming wrath.

The deep'ning shadow now his peace assails,
 And all the air is fill'd with gloom ;
 Throughout his halls deep silence now prevails—
 The dead lies in the darken'd room.
 His latest born, a bright and sunny child,
 A flower too sweet to bloom on earth,
 Has fall'n, and crush'd his heart with anguish wild,
 And hers who gave that darling birth.

And yet the years roll on, and 'neath the weight
 Of sorrow still he goes along ;
 The cares of home, and cares perhaps of state,
 Have silenced quite the joyous song
 Which once from jub'lant boyish lips rang out,
 When, wild with mirth and full of joy,
 His ringing laugh was heard, and merry shout—
 A romping, gay and happy boy.

For Father Time, has made his impress deep,
 In wrinkles, on the old man's brow ;
 The grandsire walks with but a trembling step,
 For fourscore years are on him now.

The grave stands open for his tott'ring frame,
 And dust to dust at length receives ;
 And soon will perish e'en his honor'd name,
 For honors fade, as fade the leaves.

And thus is made the record of a life :
 The babe, the youth, the romping boy,
 The restless, active man, that seeks a wife
 To share his cup of transient joy ;
 A father next, and grandsire bow'd with care,
 A lifeless form within the grave ;
 Earth gives no more ; 'tis all her children's share
 'Tis all that man below can crave.

But there's a life beyond, when this is past ;
 A life where sorrows come no more ;
 That better life forevermore will last,
 When landed on th' eternal shore.
 Husband, wife, father, mother, children there,
 May join to swell the countless throng
 Who golden crowns and shining garments wear,
 And sing the Lamb, and Moses' song.

LIFE AND DEATH.

As meteors fly through trackless space,
 So glide the fleeting years away ;
 So quickly man fulfils his race
 And measures out his life's short day.

While hast'ning onward toward the goal,
 Man finds himself, with 'bated breath,
 Mid anxious cares that whelm his soul,
 Standing as face to face with death.

And still the years roll swiftly on,
 As waves along the ocean shore ;
 Each morrow has its rising dawn
 And fades away to be no more.

But heedless of the coming doom,
 And floating swiftly down the tide,
 Proud man discovers not the gloom
 That's gath'ring round, his view to hide.

Thus generations come and go,
 And lives as brief as winter's day
 Begin and end ; no more we know,
 E'er death has seized its lawful prey.

But Christ, of life and death the Lord,
 Lives evermore ; His throne on high
 Stands firm, His goodness to record,
 And man who trusts, shall never die.

FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

[READ AT A FAMILY GATHERING, ON THE SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
 BIRTH OF REV. T. T. TASKER, THE AUTHOR'S FATHER-IN-LAW.]

We come, children, grandchildren, friends and all,
 Responsive to our father's generous call ;
 With him to gather round the homestead fire,
 And pay the homage due our honored sire.

We come, and for a moment turn aside
 From life's dull cares, its pomps and pride,
 To celebrate the patriarch's natal day;
 For lo! his seventieth year has pass'd away.

Far o'er the sea his youthful course begun;
 Where English soil is warm'd by English sun;
 Where sturdy yeomen cultivate the earth,
 And freedom's noblest sons have had their birth.

But Providence, who saw the future o'er,
 His steps inclined to fair Columbia's shore,
 Whose beauties rose before his wond'ring eyes,
 As mountain tops o'er neighb'ring mountains rise.

In this new world, mid nature's loveliness display'd,
 He soon descried a Delawarean maid,
 Whose graceful step, and beaming eye so bright,
 Thrill'd all his soul with new and strange delight.

As merchant-man in search of goodly pearl,
 With all his powers he strove to win the girl;
 Who, not unwilling, listen'd to his plaintive strain,
 And soon were joined in one the happy twain.

Thus, fairly launch'd on life's uncertain sea,
 With storm or sunshine, as the case might be,
 Not sullen skies, nor e'en the breakers' roar,
 Could shake his trust in God, to guide him o'er.

Long years have pass'd since then away,
 And life has been a bright or cloudy day,
 As light from heaven made luminous his path,
 Or darkness hid the skies as if in wrath.

A life devoted to the general weal,
 With earnest energy and active zeal,
 Might justly claim, befitting close,
 At threescore years and ten to find repose.

But neither rest nor ease to him is given ;
 He only seeks to find his rest in heaven ;
 He know life's goal is not, nor can be won
 While aught remains to do, that may be done.

For three score years and ten the battle strife
 Was waged through all the conflicts fierce of life ;
 And long the balance hung as if in doubt,
 E'er vict'ry's song was heard or triumph shout.

But now of honors full, and full of years,
 With bright'ning hopes undim'd by fears,
 He stands still ling'ring on the shores of time,
 Rejoicing in the Christian's faith sublime.

As setting sun gilds western sky with gold,
 Than noontide ray more glorious to behold,
 So may his prospects bright and brighter shine,
 As toilsome day shall tow'rd its close decline.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

To this sacred spot our thoughts revert,
 When wandering far from home ;
 Or mid the toils and cares of earth,
 We here delight to come.

Our Father's house ; a spot more dear
 Than all on earth beside ;
 We find a hearty welcome here,
 Whatever may betide.

Our Father's house familiar seems,
 Though all things else be strange ;
 His aged face with pleasure beams,
 And we at home can range.

Our Father's house for many years
 The storms of time has stood ;
 And who may tell the hopes and fears
 Which in its precincts brood.

Our Father's house ; our little feet
 Here first were taught to go ;
 And here the voice of praise so sweet
 From infant lips would flow.

Our Father's house ; here counsel sage
 To youthful minds was given ;
 And wisdom from the lips of age,
 As if inspired from heaven.

Our Father's house ; here mother's voice,
 In kindly accent heard,
 Would oft direct our wayward choice,
 When else our steps had err'd.

But there's a house not made with hands ;
 'Tis God, our Father's own ;
 A mansion there in order stands
 For every faithful son.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Banner of light ; let it wide be unfurled,
 And lifted on high, to the gaze of the world ;
 Let it float, far and wide, on the breeze,
 And its glories display o'er the land and the seas.

The Banner of light ; 'tis the volume divine ;
 All radiant with truth, it ever doth shine ;
 Emblazon'd upon it, the Cross is descried,
 And man is redeemed, since Jesus has died.

The Banner of light ; 'tis the star of the soul,
 True as the needle is true to the pole ;
 Upon it inscribed, in letters of gold,
 The name of the Saviour each one may behold.

The Banner of light shall forever hang out ;
 The nations that see it no longer may doubt ;
 Beneath its bright folds all kindred and tongues,
 One host of the Lord, shall join in their songs.

The Banner of light ; how proudly it streams
 O'er the ramparts of Zion, in the morning's bright beams ;
 Sure token of triumph, since Bethlehem's Star
 Upon it is seen, by the nations afar.

The Banner of light ; see the hosts of the Lord
 March forth to the fray, at the sound of His word ;
 Like the Pillar of Fire, it moveth aright,
 And nerves every arm to be valiant in fight.

The Banner of light ; **Oh**, swift let it move
 To conquer the world with the weapons of love ;
 Its vict'ries, with joy we'll haste to record,
 For the Banner of light is the word of the Lord.

TO THE AMERICAN MECHANICS.

E'er since the primal curse began,
 And God ordained that fallen man,
 In working out His gracious plan,
 Where'er o'er earth his footsteps tread,
 Should labor for his daily bread,
 By constant toil with hands or head,
 To work, has been the general lot ;
 In palace, or in humble cot ;
 Whether if willing, or if not.

Thus labor is of God decreed,
 And suited to our nature's need ;
 And none may fail its calls to heed,
 For they who work not, shall not eat ;
 This law of God, none may defeat,
 Nor from its high behests retreat.

And who, of all the sons of earth,
 Can justly claim a nobler birth,
 Of higher, or of holier worth,
 Than they who cultivate the soil;
 Who drive the share with honest toil,
 Or, mid the city's sharp turmoil,
 Still working on from day to day,
 Moulding, perhaps, the plastic clay
 To forms which soon or late decay;
 Or forging in the seething fire,
 The thunderbolts of warfare dire,
 Where men, mid noise and smoke, expire;
 Or better far, the shepherd's crook;
 (Or, as foretold in Holy Book,)—
 Turn sword and spear to pruning hook?

By God endow'd, some, gifts possess,
 With useful things the world to bless;
 And foremost stands the printing press,
 Shedding abroad its blessed light,
 Dispelling th' gloom of moral night,
 Exposing wrong, defending right.

With lightning speed and fearful force,
 We next behold the fiery horse,
 Flying along its iron course,—
 Whirling with ease its lengthen'd train,
 Through the mountains, over the plain,
 Puffing and blowing all amain,
 Till earth itself beneath it shakes,
 The very air with terror quakes,
 As th' whistle screams, "Put down the brakes!"

The telegraph, as swift as thought,
 Its message from afar has brought,
 With good or evil tidings fraught ;
 Around the world, the slender wire
 Records, as with electric fire,
 Events, as they in turn transpire :
 Now telling of a battle won,
 Of daring deeds of valor done ;
 Or else, perhaps, of how the sun,
 Eclipsed, appeared in foreign land ;
 Of vessels wreck'd on ocean's strand ;
 Of lovers joining heart and hand.

Nor these alone ; the swift machine,
 Whose rapid motion scarce is seen,—
 Managed by fairy hands, I ween,
 As flies the needle, to and fro,
 Making a garment white as snow,
 Learning a novice how to sew.

These all evince the Master-will ;
 Shewing the true mechanic's skill,
 Who labors on, and labors still,
 Evolving from his fertile brain
 Some scheme that shows how mind can reign,
 And govern matter's wide domain.

But he who works the work of life,
 And builds, amid its toil and strife,
 A character, with goodness rife,
 Erects a structure that shall stand,
 When pyramids or temples grand
 Shall crumble 'neath their native sand ;

And victory gains, of greater worth
 Than his of Macedonian birth,
 Whose conquering legions shook the earth.

So labor, when directed right,
 May rear aloft a beacon light,
 To guide amid the darkest night,
 The ship of state ; as o'er the deep,
 The pilot still her course would keep,
 Though thunders roar and lightnings leap.

Thus may Columbia's workmen all,
 Obedient to fair Freedom's call,
 Release themselves from every thrall ;
 Assert their rights, maintain them too ;
 As patriots, both brave and true,
 With power to will, and will to do.

OUR FLAG.

Lo, the starry flag is waving,
 Waving over land and sea ;
 Where the tempest wild is raving,
 And the winds hold revelry.

In the vales and on the mountains
 Floats the standard of the free ;
 Where the sparkling rills and fountains
 Murmur songs of liberty.

Where the morning sun is shining
Let the spangled banner fly ;
And when daylight is declining
Spread it in the evening sky.

When upon the waves of ocean
Sounds the booming cannon's roar,
High above the wild commotion
Floats the flag for evermore.

Through the night, whose orbs are beaming,
Lighting earth with borrow'd rays,
Lo ! our country's stars are gleaming,
With its glory all ablaze.

Where the nation's dead are sleeping,
Plant it o'er their quiet graves ;
Their virtues still in mem'ry keeping,
While the flag above them waves.

Hail Columbia's banner, streaming,
With resplendent beauty crown'd ;
Every star still brighter beaming
As its glories more abound.

FIRST PSALM.

Behold, the man is bless'd indeed
 Who doth not wicked counsels heed,
 Nor standeth where the sinners meet,
 Nor with the scorers takes his seat ;
 But in the law finds his delight,
 While meditating, day and night.
 Thus like a green and thrifty tree
 That's by the rivers, he shall be ;
 Yielding in turn the tender shoot,
 And leaf and flower, and luscious fruit ;
 So shall he prosper every day,
 Who turns aside from error's way.
 But the ungodly are not so ;—
 For when the tempests fiercely blow,
 Then, like the chaff before the blast,
 They're scatter'd far, and earthward cast ;
 Nor shall they in the judgment stand,
 When God a reck'ning shall demand.
 Neither shall sinners find a place
 Among the righteous, who have grace
 Found with the Lord ; to whom alone
 The secret ways of him are known ;
 Who, looking for the great reward,
 Truly love and serve the Lord :
 But the way of him shall perish quite,
 Who with the ungodly takes delight.

SPRINGTIME REFLECTIONS.

Down from the craggy hillsides flow,
'Neath springtide suns, the winter's snow,
And tiny streamlets swollen now,
Rish headlong from the mountain's brow.

The rivers that majestic glide
To swell the grand old ocean's tide,
Now spurning every ancient bound,
Break o'er their banks with verdure crown'd.

So, when from Zion's sunny hills
Salvation flows in gentle rills,
Or, rushing, like a mighty flood,
Pours downward from the mount of God,

Its vivifying power is seen ;
The fields are clothed with living green,
And all the borders of the stream
With signs of life abundant gleam.

The clouds that trace the storm-king's path
Betoken not the Almighty's wrath ;
For life and health, and golden grain
Are oft attendants in their train.

Then when the heav'ns appear as brass,
Fear not, for he will bring to pass,
(Though barr'd the door of mercy seems),
What for thy good His wisdom deems.

CHRISTMAS.

O glad event ! O happy morn !
When Christ the Son of Man was born,
And God in flesh was manifest,
To make His fallen creatures blest.

O glorious song the angels sang,
When through the midnight air it rang ;
Glad tidings of great joy is brought,
Glad tidings with salvation fraught.

Behold the shepherds with surprise
Receive the message from the skies,
And haste, with gladsome hearts, to see
Who might this wondrous stranger be.

O love divine, surpassing strange,
Beyond our thought's capacious range ;
All boundless in its scope supreme,
Exhaustless is the wondrous theme.

Glory to God, to man revealed ;
Whose lost estate for help appealed ;
Nor plead in vain, for God came down,
That He might man with glory crown.

O glad event ! O happy morn,
When Christ, the Lamb of God, was born !
This Christmas day we join to sing
Hosanna to the Saviour King.

THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME TO THEIR NEW
PASTOR.

Dear Pastor, with united voice
The children meet thee, and rejoice
A hearty welcome to extend,
Believing thou wilt be their friend.

Welcome ! thrice welcome, we exclaim ;
We greet thee in the Master's name ;
Assured that thou wilt feed the flock,
And guide them to the Living Rock.

'Thou com'st the precious truth to preach ;
In wisdom's ways the young to teach ;
May God vouchsafe abundant grace,
And give thee in each heart a place.

And so, dear Pastor, it shall be
Always a pleasure thee to see ;
And every Sabbath when we meet,
Our loving Pastor we will greet.

And as we pass along the way,
We'll tell each other, every day,
How good our Pastor is, and kind,
And what a friend in him we find.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

How amiable are Thy courts, O Lord ;
 Our spirits long to dwell therein ;
 Its humblest place would rather choose
 Than occupy the tents of sin.

Where'er Thou dost Thy name record,
 We fain would linger all the day,
 And in its sacred precincts wait,
 To join with those who praise and pray.

How blest and hallowed is the spot
 Where God reveals his wondrous grace ;
 Conversing with us as a friend
 With friend converses, face to face.

Whene'er the Sabbath hours invite,
 We gladly to Thy house repair,
 And wait with joyous hearts to hear
 The word of Thy salvation there.

Amid such sacred scenes as these
 The soul delights to linger long,
 And rise on wings of prayer to God,
 And join to swell the angels' song.

Here heart with heart, and soul with soul,
 In holy fellowship unite,
 While love divine the spirit joins
 To Christ, of all the life and light.

THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

Raise the Christian Standard high,
 Up to a world's admiring gaze ;
 A beacon light to every eye,
 A token of the Saviour's grace.

Raise up the Standard, let it fly ;
 Fling out its folds o'er all the land,
 To rich and poor, to low and high ;
 It is the Captain's great command.

Then raise the Standard, bear it forth,
 And push the battle to the gates ;
 From East to West, from South to North,
 And everywhere, the vict'ry waits.

Raise up the Standard, let the breeze
 Bear it o'er the boist'rous deep,
 Ensign of Him who rules the seas,
 And calms the stormy waves to sleep.

The Christian Standard; raise it high,
 Ye men of Israel onward press,
 And all of Satan's hosts defy,
 Through Jesus Christ, our Righteousness.

The Christian Standard ; send it out,
 Till all the world the echo rings,
 And swells the universal shout,
 That Jesus Christ is King of kings.

STRONG DRINKS.

In th' worm of the still, say what they will,
 A deadly virus lies ;
 Its poisonous spell but leads to hell,
 With the worm that never dies.

Can lager beer the spirits cheer,
 Like nature's crystal flood ?
 Then why inhale the stupid ale,
 That so beclugs the blood ?

A whisky mill on every hill,
 In every street and lane,
 But proves, alas ! it's come to pass,
 There's whisky on the brain.

The sparkling wine, just from the Rhine,
 Doth like an adder sting ;
 The serpent's coil, its fatal toil
 Doth round the unwary fling.

In palace grand, on every hand,
 In humble cot, 'tis true,
 The drunkard's bowl destroys the soul,—
 The soul and body too.

SOLID ROCK

'Tis solid rock whereon we stand,
 Immovable and sure ;
 The waves may dash on every hand,
 We still remain secure.

'Tis solid rock ; far down below
 Its deep foundations hide ;
 Though stormy seas surge to and fro,
 All safely we abide.

Let light'nings flash and thunders roll,
 With all their terrors grand,
 There's heav'nly peace within the soul
 When on the rock we stand.

Though winds be fierce, and swift the tide,
 And rude the tempest's shock,
 Each little bark will safely ride,
 While anchored on the rock.



TRUE RESIGNATION.

With every state content, resigned,
 Betokens both a cheerful mind
 And spirits buoyant still with hope,
 And strong, with conflicts fierce to cope.

To Providence's stern decree
 Submissive, all indeed must be ;
 What He wills, and when, and how,
 No matter ; every knee must bow.

But to feel serene in every state,
 And see in trials small or great
 The chastening of a Father's hand,
 Who can from evil good command,

This, this is resignation true ;
 Ready to suffer or to do
 What He ordains ; assured that love
 And wisdom sit enthroned above.

When through the dark and angry cloud,
 That all of earthly hopes enshroud,
 No ray of light comes down to shed
 Its blessed radiance on the head,

Our faith discerns the loving care
 Of Him who hears each suppliant's prayer,
 And trusts, when we no more can do—
 This, this is resignation true.



THE RUM FIEND.

What desolation Rum hath wrought !
 What evils dire the curse attends !
 Its fiery breath with ruin fraught ;
 And wide as earth the woe extends.

The blood-shot eye, the bloated cheek,
 The staggering gait, the language foul,
 Too well the fatal cause bespeak,
 Of angry look and frowning scowl.

Where many mighty have gone down,
 Let men with trembling steps advance ;
 Nay, rather be their feet withdrawn
 From dangers seen at every glance.

Who loves the Wine, in his embrace
 A viper clasps, whose poisoned sting
 Leaves but the deadly venom's trace,
 And dread remorse and sadness bring.

Go see the wretched hovel where
 His children pine in want and woe ;
 His wife o'erwhelmed with sad despair ;
 Go ask them if the cause they know.

Go ask the direst fiend in hell
 If he would touch with fiery brand
 The homes where guileless children dwell—
 And horror-struck methinks he'd stand

At thought of deed so foul and dark ;
 Yet deeds as foul as this are wrought,
 When Rum has every latent spark
 Of manhood render'd worse than nought.

The palsied limb, the mind debased,
 The passions all so low and vile,
 The maker's image all defaced,
 A countenance bespeaking guile :

No tongue can tell, no pen portray
 The ruin sad of age and youth,
 Who to the tempter fall a prey,
 And wander wide from paths of truth.

Go ask the mother why her child
 Is worse than fatherless to-day ?
 Why thrills her heart with anguish wild,
 As she all vainly strives to pray ?

Go ask the maiden from whose life
 Each spark of hope or joy has fled ;
 And hear, amid the bitter strife,
 Her earnest wish that she was dead.

Go ask the youth whose wayward feet
 E'en now are in the downward path,
 Why goes he on, his doom to meet,
 Thus courting the impending wrath ?

Walk up and down in all the earth,
 In all its babbling tongues inquire
 What curse, since nature had her birth,
 Like this dread curse of liquid fire.

From lowly vale, from mountain height,
 Is heard the fearful echo ring,
 Proclaim'd by blackest fiend of night,
 That Whisky reigns ; that Rum is king.

O, God of pity, interpose—
 Hear Thou the prayer, the groan, the sigh ;
 Assuage the grief of human woes,
 And wipe the tear from every eye.

Thank God, the streaks of morning light
 Already beaming from the skies,
 Give token of the waning night
 And brighter day that soon shall rise.

Then haste the joyful time along ;
 The day of full salvation haste ;
 When all shall swell the Temperance song,
 And none the cursed thing shall taste,

From lowly vale, from mountain height,
 Shall then the joyful echo ring,
 Proclaimed by all the sons of light,
 That Jesus reigns ; that Christ is king.



ON THE OTHER SIDE.

When we shall cross the river o'er,
 And reach fair Canaan's blissful shore,
 In songs of praise divinely sweet,
 The ransomed of the Lord shall meet.

Then shall we seize the glorious prize,
 Yon goodly mansion in the skies ;
 In robes by Jesus' blood made white,
 With angels walk the plains of light.

And when life's weary race is run,
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
 We'll shout our glorious Leader's praise,
 And songs of holy triumph raise.

Then forward press, ye saints of God,
 And, following where your Saviour trod,
 Find peaceful rest beneath the shade
 That by the tree of Life is made.

So shall we refuge find within
 The land that's free from woe and sin ;
 And join with all the holy throng,
 To sing, with them, the new, new song.



DESPAIR.

The Rubicon at length is cross'd ;
 All hope of future good is lost ;
 The crisis has arrived at last,
 And now the fatal die is cast.

From sacred scenes and friendships sweet,
 With aching heart I turn my feet ;
 Estranged from all once loved so well,
 A wanderer henceforth to dwell.

My stricken heart, surcharged with grief,
 Turns here and there to seek relief;
 But seeks in vain to find repose,
 Or shun its ever thick'ning woes,

From hence, alone I urge my way;
 My path is dark, without a ray
 To cheer the sadness and the gloom
 That shroud my passage to the tomb.

The hopes of life are perish'd quite;
 The day is swallow'd up in night;
 Nor doth a single star appear,
 To cherish hope or banish fear.

The pleasant smile, sweet music's voice,
 That made my spirits once rejoice,
 In memory now are only known,
 While blank despair is on the throne.

I only urge this single plea,
 That I may soon forgotten be;
 My virtues with my faults be hid,
 Concealed beneath the coffin lid.

THE INDIAN.

In days gone by, amid the forest wild,
 There roamed, all unrestrained, as nature's child,
 The red man, wandering wheresoe'er he chose,
 Armed for the chase or to resist his foes ;
 Careless alike of good or seeming ill,
 No laws he knew save but the law of will ;
 Yet oft at evening hour, in quiet mood,
 In nature's deep and lonely solitude,
 Would strangely o'er his fierce and savage soul
 A tenderness of thought and feeling roll,
 As by the Susquehanna's limpid tide,
 The dark-skin'd warrior woo'd his dusky bride,
 And smiled to see reflected in the stream,
 Her face illumed with many a sunny gleam,
 As, list'ning to his vows of love and truth,
 She gave herself, with all the charms of youth,
 Assured, when gazing on his manly form,
 His good right arm would shield her from the storm,
 And that the arrow from his well-strung bow
 Would bring the fleetest of the forest low.
 'Mong youthful braves no nobler could be found,
 While in the chase his feet but touch'd the ground—
 So light of foot the deer could scarce outrun
 This noble brave, of noble sire the son.
 Thus each with other seem'd so well content,
 That asking could but meet with glad consent ;
 When joined together by such simple rites
 As nature in her innocence invites,
 There nought appeared their happiness to mar,
 Save now and then a threat'ning cloud of war ;

Which, kindly, heaven as often turned aside,
 And left the warrior with his blooming bride.
 And thus the days went swiftly by, and time,
 That brings about its grand results sublime,
 Brought to that Indian home, as from above,
 A small papoose, a pledge of mutual love,
 A mother's ever-ceaseless care to claim,
 And bear his noble father's honored name.
 And now no happier home those regions know,
 Where Susquehanna's crystal waters flow,
 And vale and hill are lit with golden beams
 As morning Sun sends up his earliest gleams.
 But sure as shadows of the evening fall,
 And night spreads ebon curtains over all,
 So sure the gath'ring clouds portentous roll,
 And coming wrath sends terror to the soul ;
 For on these hills, ablaze with sunset glow,
 Shall many a warrior's purple life-blood flow ;
 On shores that Susquehanna's waters lave
 Shall be the resting-place of many a brave ;
 For, lo ! the white man comes with steady tread,
 And though his hands with Indian blood be red,
 He presses on, and on, and onward still,
 And claims each fertile vale and wooded hill
 By virtue of the right which power bestows,
 The only right the bold usurper knows ;
 Like him who, at the point of murd'rous knife,
 Demands your money or demands your life ;
 As greater wisdom gives superior strength,
 The white man, doubly armed, secured at length
 This wide domain, and back the red-man press'd
 Whose feet till now have found no place of rest.

And so our hero, with his patient squaw,
 Submitting to necessity's stern law,
 Pack'd up of worldly goods their scanty store,
 And then on scenes they should behold no more
 Look'd round with tearful eye, and bade adieu
 To Susquehanna's waters clear and blue,
 And sadly cast a long and ling'ring look
 Into the mirror of the pebbly brook,
 Where speckled trout disported in the shade
 By over-hanging rocks and foliage made ;
 And sitting down once more the place beside
 Where first he wooed and won his dusky bride,
 He turned him then away with heart oppress'd,
 As thoughts tumultuous heaved his savage breast.
 With weary feet he took his westward way,
 From rising morn until the closing day ;
 At night reposing 'neath a friendly sky,
 Whose stars look'd down upon him from on high.
 Resuming, with the dawn, his weary march,
 As mounts the Sun the blue ethereal arch ;
 At length where swift Ohio's waters glide,
 In birch canoe, upon its ever turbid tide
 Embark'd his all, and down its rapid stream,
 Whose gentle ripples in the sunlight gleam,
 He, wearied, reach'd at length the farther shore,
 Where Mississippi's muddy waters pour
 Their ever-restless currents, proud and free,
 In mighty volumes, toward the distant sea.
 Then on, and onward still, with steady feet,
 To where his eyes the grand old prairies meet,
 Whose waving grasses, tall and rank and green,
 With buffalo in mighty masses seen,

Thrill'd all his savage soul with strange delight,
 While gazing on the weird and wondrous sight.
 But pressing forward tow'rd the setting sun,
 Till, many a day's swift journey run,
 He found at last beneath a shady dell,
 Where he and his in peace might safely dwell,
 With game and water in abundance found,
 Where life may be with full and plenty crown'd ;
 And here at rest, with thankful heart upraised,
 He and his squaw the Great Spirit praised—
 Content to live where nature so abounds,
 Till welcomed to the happy hunting-grounds,
 Where all good Indians go, as go they must,
 When summoned hence, to mingle with the dust.

**FAREWELL TO THE OLD SEATS IN WHARTON
 ST. M. E. CHURCH.**

PRIOR TO RENOVATION.

On you, old seats, full many a fleeting year,
 Fathers and mothers, waiting, sat to hear
 The holy songs and sacred anthems swell,
 But gather now to bid you all farewell.

Though taught, like soldiers, hardness to endure,
 And bear the evils which they could not cure,
 They feel they must of their sore trials tell—
 How hard were those old seats—old seats, farewell.

Out from the pulpit went the word of truth,
 But back upon those seats, some love-struck youth
 Whispered in Susie's ear words we may not tell,
 Perhaps about the seats—old seats, farewell.

A long, long time together you have hung ;
 But now, unwept, unhonored and unsung,
 No more you'll listen to the neighb'ring bell ;
 Your time has come—ye dear old seats, farewell.

No tears for you, old seats, have we to shed ;
 For better ones are coming in your stead ;
 And since the new the old ones will excel,
 You had better get out—old seats, farewell.

•

For many years you've stood the storms of time,
 And borne your burdens with a strength sublime,
 As fat old ladies and heavy men can tell,
 Who greet you now only to say farewell.

Ye old corner seats, whence, oft and again,
 Was heard from happy hearts the loud amen,
 No more from thence will glad hosannas swell ;
 Ye amen-corner seats, a last farewell.

Farewell, old seats, long years so good and true ;
 With tearless eyes we bid you now adieu ;
 Old friends, indeed, yet part without a sigh ;
 Once more, ye ancient seats, good-bye, good-bye.

THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR
WEDDING.

In days of yore, when, side by side,
There stood a lover and his bride
In wedlock joined together,
The skies were bright with golden glow,
And beauteous was the heav'nly bow,
A token of fair weather.

Now nearly twoscore years of life
The husband and his faithful wife
Have trudged along together,
Sometimes when clouds obscured the sun ;
But storm or calm, 'twas always one,
Unmindful of the weather.

The years are multiplying fast,
Our journeyings here will soon be past ;
We're wafted like a feather
Toss'd to and fro upon the gale,
Or leaves, when autumn winds prevail,
And changing is the weather.

While gleaning in life's harvest field,
The soil would often thistles yield
When toiling on together ;
And so the time has fled away,
While marching onward, day by day,
Through every kind of weather.

What though our hearts were made to mourn
 When children from our arms were torn,
 As death his sheaves would gather ;
 We trust in Him who knows the best,
 And makes His own in Him to rest
 In calm and stormy weather.

Though nearly forty years have fled,
 We still the beaten pathway tread,
 Bound by affection's tether,
 Hoping our loved again to greet,
 When on yon blissful shore we meet,
 Where all is heav'nly weather.



BORN BLIND.

Long, dark and dreary was the night
 That shrouded all his life in gloom ;
 His eyes had ne'er beheld the light,
 Had never seen the rose's bloom,

Had never seen a mother's smile,
 Though feeling oft her fond embrace,
 Nor looked into her eyes erewhile,
 Affection's tokens there to trace,

With faltering steps he groped along
 The weary path of daily life ;
 Uncertain oft if right or wrong,
 Amid the cares and dangers rife.

The stars that deck night's ebon arch
 Shed not on him their silvery ray ;
 No glorious sun, in stately march,
 Lit up for him the golden day.

E'en childhood, innocent and sweet,
 For him no loveliness possessed ;
 His eyes with theirs could never meet,
 Though often in his heart he bless'd.

Mid darkness dense as midnight hour,
 With not a single ray to cheer,
 Hopeless beyond all human power,
 He knew not that the day was near.

For, lo ! the Saviour pass'd that way,
 And touched his eyes ; the darkness fled ;
 His visual orbs beheld the day ;
 He walked with no uncertain tread.

That Saviour's power is still the same
 That trod the waves of Galilee,
 That strength imparted to the lame,
 And gave the blinded eyes to see.

He whispers now, Receive thy sight ;
 Go forth, from sin's dire bondage free ;
 Lift up thine eyes, behold the light,
 The light of gospel liberty.

RING THE BELLS.

Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true ;
Ring in the good time, coming long ;
Ring in the right with joyous song.

Ring out the proud oppressor's sway,
Ring in the reign of freedom's day ;
Ring out the bond, ring in the free,
Ring out the news o'er land and sea.

Ring out the dark, ring in the light ;
Ring out the reign of error's night ;
Ring out the old, with sorrow's tear,
Ring in with joy the glad New Year.

Ring in the time when war shall cease ;
Ring in the reign of blessed peace ;
Ring all the bells in gladsome chime ;
Ring out the anthem's peal sublime.

Ring out, ring out, with joy to-day ;
Ring superstition passed away ;
Ring crowns and kingdoms in the dust ;
Ring in the empire of the just.

Ring in the young, ring out the old ;
Ring in the time by prophets told ;
Ring in the year for God to bless ;
Ring in the reign of righteousness.

THE PRESS.

FOR THE JOURNALISTS' CLUB.

The Press, a mighty power for weal or woe,
 An engine grand, whose throbbing heart pulsates
 In sympathy with all that men can know,
 Or whatsoever to their good relates.

A mighty lever that uplifts the world,
 Nor fulcrum wants; for in the hearts of men
 Is fulcrum found, and tyranny is hurl'd
 Headlong down to its native hell again.

Ye men who guide the pen or drive the press,
 Be sure ye guide these magic forces well;
 Mankind ye greatly curse, or grandly bless,
 If ye the truth prevent or wrong compel.

Ye wakeful sent'nels on the nation's walls,
 Fair freedom's foe is ever lurking round;
 In various garb he comes, with varied voice he calls;
 Then give th' alarm with no uncertain sound.

Write not the words that thoughts impure suggest;
 Remember that ye write for youth as well as age;
 The seed, once sown, may grow within the breast,
 And bear the fruits of an immoral page.

Stand, then, as on some mountain height sublime,
 A beacon light across the desert waste;
 Behold the wrecks that strew the march of time,
 And warn against the errors of the past.

Roll on, thou mighty Press ; roll out the song
 The ages will receive with joy supreme,
 When glorious right shall triumph o'er the wrong
 And freedom's jubilee be all the theme,

Then shall the Press exert its power benign,
 Nor leaves alone, but golden fruitage grow ;
 As truth, like genial light, shall shine
 From page illumed with more than earthly glow.

A TALE OF LOVE.

I sing a tale, though oft before
 It has been told in days of yore ;
 The theme, though old, is ever new,
 And pleases more as we pursue.

It is of love I fain would tell :
 Alas, my muse can scarcely dwell
 On such a thought but straight I feel
 It's wondrous warmth across me steal.

Now, strange indeed doth seem the joke ;
 Man puts upon himself the yoke ;
 Too blind to see the pleasing snare,
 Though often cautioned to beware.

Inveigled by the specious charms,
 Warnings he treats as false alarms,
 And takes the risk ; then all is o'er ;
 Who once was free, is free no more.

And one I know has listened long
To her suitor's plaintive song,
But yielded to the potent spell
Of Cupid's arrows as they fell.

And Fanny, so it has been said,
Has now at length resolved to wed ;
Determined woman's right to claim,
The right, at least, to change her name.

Happy the man who at his side
Beholds his young and blooming bride,
And Fanny claims as all his own ;
No monarch prouder on his throne.

A willing captive he is led ;
No other pathway would he tread ;
He chooseth not from this to stray,
The tried, th' old and regular way.

God bless my friend, and may she know
The greatest happiness below
This world can give ; and then, at last,
A place in heaven when life is past.

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE NEW PASTOR OF
WHARTON STREET M. E. CHURCH, 1870.

REV. JOSEPH MASON.

Welcome, thou servant of the Lord,
To preach to us the living word,
 With power sent down from heaven ;
We greet thee in the Master's name,
Who bids thee all His love proclaim :
 His love to sinners given.

Welcome to labors, toils and cares ;
Welcome to lead our songs and pray'rs,
 That all may see how well
Thou strivest, both with heart and hand,
To cultivate Immanuel's land,
 And sinners save from hell.

The dying, and the sick and poor
(The Church's heritage) are sure,
 Pastor, to welcome thee
When, through a Saviour's dying love,
Thou pointest them to realms above,
 From pain and sorrow free.

God's blessing, Brother, on thee rest ;
May all thy ministry be blest
 With his approving smiles ;
That multitudes to Christ may flee,
And, through the word proclaimed by thee,
 Escape from Satan's wiles.

With welcome to each home and heart,
 And prayer that nought our spirits part,
 We now the hand extend,
 Of fellowship, to thee and thine ;
 May God sustain with grace divine,
 And keep thee—to the end.



A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Another pilgrim's race is run ;
 Another toiler's work is done ;
 Another wrestler in the strife
 Has won at last a crown of life.

When call'd the vale of death to tread,
 Our brother knew no slavish dread ;
 But pass'd in holy triumph o'er,
 And reach'd in peace that blissful shore.

His weary feet had press'd the way
 That led through life's laborious day,
 And found at last a place of rest
 With many of our church's blest.

Though dust to dust has been consign'd,
 The soul, immortal, unconfined,
 Has burst the fetters of the clay
 And upward soar'd to realms of day.

And now the glories of the skies
 He sees with unbecclouded eyes,
 As tow'rd the throne his footsteps tend,
 To gaze upon the sinner's Friend.

THE RESURRECTION.

Why seek the living where the dead
 Are wont to find repose?
 Say, heard ye not His stately tread
 When first the Christ arose?

Out from the portals of the tomb
 The Lord walks forth to-day;
 For death within its depths of gloom
 Could not retain his prey.

For lo! He comes, a Conqueror grand,
 Eternal life to bring;
 Let shouts of joy in every land
 Ascend to Christ our King.

Jesus, the crucified, arose,
 And brings the Gospel day;
 He comes, victorious o'er His foes,
 On His triumphant way.

For He, of life and death the Lord,
 His life alone laid down,
 To take it of His own accord,
 And wear the victor's crown.

Let childhood join with age to sing
 Sweet songs to Christ the Lord,
 Till He shall come again to bring
 His saints to their reward.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Go labor in my vineyard, go ;
 Delay no more, but haste away ;
 Do all that thou can'st find to do,
 So shalt thou gain the worker's pay.

Go find thy work in any field ;
 The harvests are already white ;
 With culture, large will be the yield
 To careful toil by day and night.

With Peter, cast the gospel net,
 At Jesus' word, on either side ;
 So shalt thou gather men, and get
 The multitude from far and wide.

Go help the suff'ring, cheer the faint,
 Earth's sad and sorrowing ones relieve ;
 To Jesus point the dying saint,
 The sinner bid on Christ believe.

Go to the abodes of wealth and see
 Where misery and splendor join
 To testify how vain it be
 To search for pleasures not divine.

Go to the hovels of the poor,
 Who trust in God for daily bread,
 And realize His promise sure :
 " For verily ye shall be fed."

Go toil unceasingly till death,
 Nor ever faint nor weary grow ;
 Preach Jesus with your dying breath,
 And then from earth to glory go.



NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE.

Two hundred years ago, and more,
 There came from Europe's far-off shore
 A band of men to settle down
 In this fair land, and build a town.

A spacious city mark'd they out,
 Thinking t'would grow, beyond a doubt ;
 For did it not in beauty lay
 On Del'ware's broad and ample bay ?

Its streets capacious, long and wide,
 Beyond the reach of highest tide,
 Approved its founders' wise foresight,
 In laying out its highways right ;

That trade and commerce might have room
 To bring the products of the loom,
 The plow, the anvil or the forge,
 And here their teeming wealth disgorge.

The Fathers of the city saw,
 (At least in thought) that time would draw
 Within its harbor, broad and deep,
 Where navies might their moorings keep,

The stately ship from every land,
 Whose stores a market might command,
 Bearing to foreign shores their freight,
 The produce of the Diamond State.

* * * * *

But true, as told by worthier pen,
 "The best laid schemes of mice and men
 Gang aft aglee;" for be it known,
 So little progress could be shown,
 When a century twice had passed away,
 That men were learning fast to say
 (Unmindful of its young renown),
 New Castle's now a finish'd town.
 It was, indeed, too true, alas;
 But wondrous things have come to pass;
 For, waking from its slumbers deep,
 Like Rip Van Winkle from his sleep,
 It starts to find that once again
 Its streets are walked by living men,
 Who work and plan with purpose high,
 Resolved to conquer or to die;
 Determined, all their actions say,
 The little town on Del'ware Bay
 Shall yet arise and take its place
 Among the cities that shall grace,

In years to come our favored land ;
And busy crowds on every hand
Shall tread along each ample street,
The pressing claims of trade to meet.
They speak, and lo ! the busy mill
Starts into being at their will ;
And through the town the iron horse
Pursues his wild, resistless course ;
To cheer the darkness of the night,
Its streets are luminous with light
That would have dazed Arabian camp
More than Aladdin's wondrous lamp ;*
And flowing, too, beneath the ground,
The limpid waters may be found,*
Bringing to every house the flood
That cools the fever-heated blood.
And thus there opens out at last,
Although two centuries have past,
A prospect that our growing town
Will soon acquire deserved renown ;
Protected by the banner bright,
That's all bedecked with stars of light,
Waving in triumph in the breeze—
Our ensign on the land and seas.

* Referring to the introduction of gas and water.

MISS BERTIE'S EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

As swift the fleeting years go by,
So speeds life's early morn away ;
While upward mounts the sun on high,
With glory gilding all the day.

So may thy path, dear Bertie, shine
With golden lustre brighter far
Than gilds, with beauteous rays divine,
The morning or the evening star.

While in thy youth thou may'st rejoice,
Still trust in God thy steps to guide,
And ever listen to the voice
That calls thee nearer to His side.

And as unfolds the scroll of time,
Still be thy years with blessings rife ;
While purity and grace sublime
Shall crown and beautify thy life.

May heaven its richest gifts bestow,
And at thy feet its blessings lay ;
While flowers along thy path shall grow
And greet thee just eighteen to-day.

While youthful vigor still is thine,
Press bravely onward in the fight,
So shall thy years the brighter shine,
Till merged in heav'n's unfading light.

GRANT.

Dark clouds portentous roll'd their forms on high,
 And lightnings flash'd athwart the stormy sky ;
 While thunders roar'd, and shook the trembling ground,
 Its echoes reaching all the country round.

For peace, sweet peace, had spread her weary wing,
 And fled to distant climes her songs to sing ;
 And war, with brazen front and solemn tread,
 Stalk'd forth in might, to strew the land with dead.

As ebb'd, or flow'd, by turns the bloody strife,
 • So rose, or fell, the starry flag of life ;
 Now trailing in the dust, or in the breeze
 Waving triumphant o'er the land and seas.

As years roll'd on, each patriot heart was stirr'd,
 As o'er the land the booming gun was heard ;
 When in the west a star was seen to rise,
 Whose radiance lighten'd all the nation's skies.

Where Mississippi pour'd its ever-rapid tide
 In streams with patriot life-blood dyed,
 The Star of Grant gleam'd out with magic spell,
 And Donelson and frowning Vicksburg fell.

When, lo ! A joyous shout of triumph rose,
 As moved our banner o'er the nation's foes ;
 And hope, by dire defeat well nigh repress'd,
 Now gleamed anew in every patriot breast.

As onward roll'd war's flaming chariot red,
 And conflict follow'd after conflict dread,
 Led on by Grant, amid the ensanguined strife
 Full many a comrade yielded up his life.

Until, at length, on Old Virginia's sod,
 Long years beneath the foot of slavery trod,
 Through God, the land from bloody war was free,
 When General Grant received the sword of Lee.



TO MISS JENNIE, ON HER MARRIAGE TO
 MR. RICH.

When first the great Creator breath'd
 In man the breath of life,
 He saw that he would lonely be,
 So made for him a wife.

And on since that auspicious day,
 This truth has clearly shone :
 That 'tis not good, in weal or woe,
 For man to be alone.

And woman, bless her little heart,
 So kindly takes to man,
 That all things work together with
 The Maker's wondrous plan.

And thus the two shall one become,
 And one forever be,
 While pressing on the path of life,
 In love and unity.

God bless my fair and youthful friend
 With all of earthly store,
 And make her cup of happiness
 Flow over more and more.

And may she in her home be Rich,
 And happy as a queen,
 And every day that passes be
 With sweetest memories green.

While time, with stately march sublime,
 Shall move along in peace,
 May all the years with love be crown'd,
 And Riches still increase.



IN MEMORY OF MRS. P. LAMB.

Say, what shall give the soul relief,
 Or how assuage the depth of grief,
 When hearts with woe are rending ?
 Who can the spirit then sustain,
 When sorrow's cup compelled to drain,
 With bitterness attending ?

For none the depth of love may know
 That in a mother's heart doth glow,
 A flame forever burning ;
 The objects of her loving care,
 Fore'er her best affections share,
 With tend'rest pity yearning.

To lay that mother in the tomb,
 And leave her there amid its gloom,
 Our fondest hopes thus blighting,
 'Twould whelm the soul in deep despair,
 Only that Jesus has been there,
 Its darkness thus enlighting.

Through all the years of wedded life,
 The ever true and faithful wife,
 Whose smiles were like the morning,
 As bright and cheerful as the dawn,
 When all the gloom of night is gone,
 Each walk of life adorning ;

Her image on the heart imprest,
 Her memory forever blest,
 Through all the years enduring,
 Shall be the talismanic power
 To cheer in sorrow's darkest hour,
 Our courage reassuring.

With tears we lay her form away
 Until the resurrection day,
 When, Gabriel's trumpet sounding,
 Our mother with the just shall rise
 To claim her mansion in the skies,
 With all its joys abounding.

SABBATH MORNING IN MAY.

The Sabbath morn is shining, shining fair and bright,
 The heart to God inclining—to God who gives us light ;
 The Sabbath bell is pealing, pealing on the air,
 While worshipers are kneeling, kneeling all in prayer.

Sweet songs of praise are rising, rising to the skies,
 And hearts are turning upward, as upward turn the
 eyes ;
 While notes of joy are swelling, swelling loud and long,
 And hallelujahs sounding, sounding out in song.

The flowers are sweetly blooming, blooming in the field,
 And nature all is smiling, smiling unconceal'd ;
 Her beauty all entrancing, entrancing, too, her voice,
 While singing of her glory, while singing of her joys.

The Spring the year is crowning, crowning May the
 queen,
 While love is intermingling, mingling with the scene ;
 And youth and age are blending, blending heart and
 voice,
 In praise to Him who bids them, bids them all rejoice.

 TRAVELING.

We're trav'ling to the glory land,
 The land where Jesus lives,
 To wear, with all the blood-washed band,
 The crown that Jesus gives.

We're marching to the glory land,
 Far off beyond the skies,
 Where saints and holy angels stand—
 The land our faith describes.

And in that wondrous glory land
 There comes no gloomy night,
 But endless day at His command
 Who said, "Let there be light."

The land of life, the glory land,
 Where many mansions be,
 Prepared by God the Father's hand,
 For all His saints to see.

How fair and bright the glory land,
 Where crystal fountains flow ;
 The ransom'd walk its golden strand,
 Where fruits celestial grow.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF
 MISS ANNE GARRETTY.

Fair flower, so soon to wither, fade and fall,
 And leave us nought but memories sweet ;
 How oft will we thy loveliness recall,
 And hope mid scenes of bliss to meet.

Sweet odors linger round where thou hast trod,
 And perfume as from heav'nly fields ;
 While thou art walking evermore with God,
 Where Sharon's rose its fragrance yields.

Where flows life's crystal river, broad and deep
 From underneath th' eternal throne,
 Dear Anne joins the throngs that ever sweep
 The harps of glorious sounds unknown.

No sickness, pain or death on that fair shore,
 Where all is joy and heav'nly peace ;
 The ransom'd sing His praise for evermore,
 And shouts triumphant never cease.

WHERE WILL THE SPIRIT REST?

Say, spirit, when from this house of clay
 (Fair tenant, lo ! these many years)
 Thou shalt be call'd, whither wilt thou stray,
 Sundered from all that now endears ?

Say, wilt thou, in realms of boundless space,
 Forever, like some wand'ring star,
 Thy course erratic evermore retrace,
 Like comet coming from afar ?

In what worlds, to mortal sense unknown,
 Will the freed spirit hence abide—
 In realms where mind asserts her own,
 All unexplored and all untried ?

Some garden of delights there sure must be,
 Where spirits pure forever rest ;
 Where there is no forbidden tree,
 And all the fruitage fair is blest.

No optic tube has yet descried the lands
 Where disembodied spirits dwell ;
 The shad'wy realm no mortal understands,
 Nor can its mystic secrets tell.

Philosophy, reason's fairest child,
 In vain thou guessest what shall be ;
 Thy highest thoughts are but ravings wild,
 Till God makes plain the mystery.

But revelation, science of the skies,
 The secrets of the Lord makes known,
 And man with highest angel vies,
 And stands with seraph near the throne.

ASPIRING.

Throughout life's journey, keep the end in view,
 And all the way a noble end pursue ;
 In doing good, thou wilt the gainer be,
 And what thou scatt'rest will return to thee.

Look up, and let thine aspirations rise ;
 On thought's swift wing, ascend thy native skies ;
 Let heaven the goal of thy ambition be,
 And falter not till thou its glory see.

The prize is worthy of thine utmost zeal ;
 And heaven is waiting to attach its seal
 To all the ardor thou canst bring to bear ;
 For, lo ! a crown of life awaits thee there.

There shall the soul be free to roam about,
 Far from the gloomy realms of fear and doubt,
 Where truth her golden portal opens wide,
 And bids thee enter and be satisfied.

SWEET SONGS OF PRAISE.

Sweet songs of praise, sweet songs of praise,
 Ten thousand voices sing,
 And twice ten thousand tongues to-day
 Their cheerful tribute bring.

Sweet songs of praise, sweet songs of praise,
 Through all the passing years,
 To Him, although the King of kings,
 Still each petition hears.

Sweet songs of praise, sweet songs of praise,
 To Him, the Lord of all,
 Who hears the ravens when they cry,
 Or sees a sparrow fall.

Sweet songs of praise, sweet songs of praise ;
 Let earth with songs abound,
 And through the mansions of the blest
 Let songs of praise resound.

WASTED YEARS.

Down in our inmost being lies
A sense of want, a sense of fears,
When looks the soul tow'rd yonder skies,
And backward o'er the wasted years.

Swift flies the time beyond recall ;
Swiftly as glide the rolling spheres ;
Filling alike the great and small
With vain regrets o'er wasted years.

The flowers that now in beauty bloom
Have all been washed in dewy tears ;
Though sending forth their sweet perfume,
Remind us of the wasted years.

The hours in days and weeks are lost,
'Mid cheering hopes or boding fears ;
The soul, in bitter anguish toss'd,
Is mourning o'er the wasted years.

Oh, God of pity, interpose ;
Hear Thou the groan and wipe the tears ;
Assuage the grief of human woes,
The bitter fruit of wasted years.

COMMUNION.

I love to talk with Jesus ;
 His voice divinely dear,
 Like tones of sweetest music,
 Falls oft upon mine ear.
 He tells me of the glory
 That waits me over there,
 Where he has gone before me,
 My mansion to prepare.

I love to walk with Jesus ;
 He leads my willing feet
 In paths where truth and safety
 Beneath his guidance meet.
 Where pastures green are waving,
 And crystal rivers flow ;
 Within whose waters laving,
 I wash me white as snow.

I love to sup with Jesus,
 Himself the Bread of Life ;
 He satisfies my longings
 With every pleasure rife.
 And He my soul refreshes
 With ever-living streams,
 While in His gracious presence
 The light of glory beams.

I love to rest with Jesus
 In blest communion sweet,
 And lessons learn of wisdom,
 While sitting at His feet.

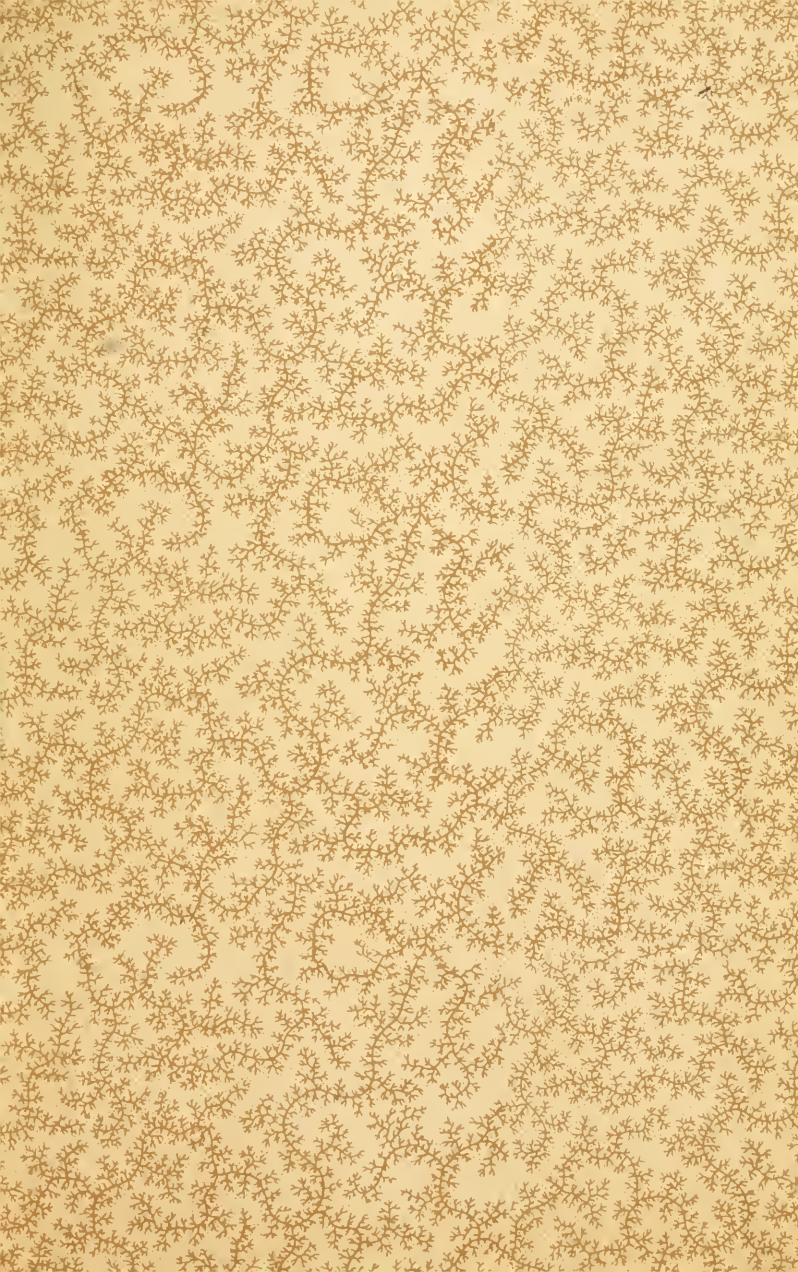
Like Mary, ever choosing
The wise and better part,
To Jesus always giving
An undivided heart.

I hope to rise with Jesus ;
For e'en the darksome tomb
The brightness of His coming
With glory shall illumine ;
When He his saints shall gather
To mansions large and fair,
To sing His songs forever
And in His glory share.

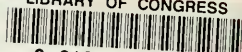








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